

BOX: VINAL #6

FOLDER: VINAL FAMILY / LETTERS, MARCH 1907.

[[First letter: On S.S. "REPUBLIC" letterhead (in red ink with stamped flag and monogram). Written in black ink at start, switches to pencil where marked. Transcription does not replicate line breaks]]

Sunday P.M.

March 17, 1907.

Dearest Mother:

It is a short time since luncheon, and Miss Cobb Miss Nichols and myself have looked at the chart and find we have gone thus far 318 miles. Today has fully carried but the omen of yesterday and the day has been just perfect — just think of being able to sit out at all at this time of the year — to be sure it was a little cool but still we were all out for some time this morning. Now I am in the library where I have waiting a chance to write a few lines towards my letter home the four desks were occupied and I fell asleep while waiting!

Was a little surprised to run across Fred Houghton at the last moment at the foot of the stairway as I started to go into us the crowd thinned out just before starting; waited till he was through speaking to a gentleman to shake hands with him; he is thinner I think that formerly and looks a little older.

We have an interesting man on board one of the deck stewards who is a Welshman — he has such a good face, is middle-aged, with face whiskers, and [^is] intelligent, we have gleaned some things from him for one thing said there was no panic on board when this steam had the slight collision in bay of Naples, also that this steamer ran at first under the name of Columbus in the Dominion Service for two years — has been in this service about one year and a half — I was interested for I had just been told down on our deck that it was formerly the Commonwealth—

Poor Miss Nichols passed most of the morning trying to find her trunk which had gone into the baggage room by mistake though plainly marked for her state room; imagine her discomfort as she is without her steamer [rug?]. Is it not strange that she and Miss Cobb are roommates and very happy to be together.

We had a very quiet smooth night — as far as the sea was concerned and there is only a little motion now up to this room. Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Clark did bravely, but were both obliged to

leave their luncheon unfinished; they are both trying to go to sleep, must go down soon to see how they fare. They both slept [here] last night in spite of the disturbances of the stewards getting things to [night], we went to bed right after dinner which is from six to seven — I did not sleep very much as was awake till all were settled for the night and woke several times; felt light-headed this A.M. but that feeling passed after being in fresh air a while. Am now going down to [punser's?] office to hand in our tickets.

[[same page as above, now in pencil:]]

Thursday — March 21st.

Perhaps you wondered who Miss Nichols was — you would certainly if you did not remember she was the one Mrs. Thorndike wrote me about. She has proved most charming; has such a sweet face

Am forced to write with pencil, as the four desks in the library are all occupied and all letters to be sent back for the [Azores?] must be ready tonight. You may wonder that I've not written since Monday, but both Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Clark have been in their stateroom up to yesterday A.M. so it kept me a [illegible some] what busy and by the time, I got through was glad to get out in the fresh air — did not

[[new page of same letterhead, still in pencil]]

feel right myself for two days — Tuesday was a rainy day too damp for me to stay outside, so slept a good deal.

Yesterday, both Mrs. G + Clark got out on deck, but latter stayed only an hour or so and the [former?] returned to the stateroom middle of P.M.

We have had lead winds so are a little late they say tho' there is so much rumor and gossip one does not know what to believe.

We sent a [miclers?] telegram to the Kaiser Wilhelm der [Grosse], on Monday in the [firearm?], some twice, so you will see in the paper so some accord of our progress, as we are a little late a gentleman informed Miss Cobb

We should see more of the [Azores?] most likely, as we shall see them all day tomorrow and will very likely stay over night there as there are some hundred emigrants to land there!

We have found some [charming?/sharing?] people I like Mr. + Mrs. Stevens very much from Wellesley Hills — he repaired the Niles house, then Miss Cobb is so bright and energetic; she came under Mr. + Mrs. Parson's wing, but when she found that both Mrs. [Sherar's?] daughter and niece came with her said she felt like an interloper to separate them them at the table, so have up her seat and sits oppose them with Miss Nichols. Mrs. Parsons is such a nice motherly soul, but they have such a poor stateroom, just one the crew so that she was just about used up

after the volley and twisting of Tuesday's sea — This afternoon have had a nice little chat with Bessie [Watten?] and Alice Buswell T[rooler?] she inquired per the [nearly?] for Leonora was in her class — and beside us on deck are two ladies very pleasant one of whom we think is an authoress and more important still. Mr. Herreshoff the famous yacht designer and builder, who is blind is on board with quite a party, he is a fine appearing man sandy complexion and reminds me some what of father tho' much taller.

After dinner —

Mrs. Groves who took her dinner on deck has gleaned more definite news for our Welshman who says we will reach the first of the Azores between 12 and 1 tomorrow, then get out of sight of land again and reach Porta del Garda the following A.M. the scenery of all the islands is very fine.

We have had a most beautiful rain for this P.M. tho' we have had no rain, it made a very large [arcla?] + when the brightest, both ends came down to the water and was reflected along the water quite a way.

Mrs. Groves sends very much love, and we all enjoyed our many interesting letters from the different. Imagine my surprise to have a nice letter from Miss Abbie [Hunt?] accompanied by two little hand [travels?] for my bag which will be just the thing for our travels. Will send home letter later

Belle's ba[^s]ket of fruit has been + still is fine tell her the olives and oranges were were sampled by the invalids — the olives were the first thing after [some?] [min?] which tasted good to Mrs. Groves — Our state room is comfortable for quiet, but has [when?] the electric light of course when we are in it, which light I do not get used to — I d have my ladder for climbing so get by very well. As to the air it is very much better than on the French line to Antwerp; being run by the ENglish who are fond of air we get more — there is no smell of food or machinery on deck — will try to described or room in my next. Tell [Josie] the old fashioned valise was good also the potato [Did] Grace got right home after she left the steamer. We did not see her again. Was [[words now wrap up side margin of paper]] so sorry not to see [Amis] [Spain], with lots of love to all, daughter [Anna]—

[[written on top of letterhead, 90 degrees rotated from rest of letter, seems an afterthought:]]
Was so sorry, Mother I did not think to introduce you to Mrs. Clark — but with such a babel could not think of nothing— lovingly [Anna?]
Hope you did not get any tired standing at the wharf.

[[Second letter: On S.S. "REPUBLIC" letterhead (in red ink with stamped flag and monogram). Entire letter written in black ink.]]

Tuesday March. 26th.

Dear Mother,

My letter was closed the day before we reached Porta del Garda in order to be posted from there and since that time what a new world has been opened to us. Up to this time I had thought of the Azores and Madeira islands as rather small lone ones lying by themselves out in the ocean away from any thing, but when we found those of the central group of the Azores were thirty, thirty six and fifty miles long, you may imagine our ideas had to undergo a change, as we came to island of Fayal it looked so attractive with the hillsides and those of the mountains just becoming a delicate green; and marked off in irregular squares by what proved to [^be] [thro'] the glasses hedges which were sometimes of sugar cane. We reached the bay and [Tome] of Porta del Garda at about midnight Friday and after an early breakfast at seven the next A.M. we left for the shore — the view was a irregular one — there had been rain and clouds on Friday, but [from] sunrise the clouds began to roll away and were high enough so that most of the island was to be seen — the physical geography was peculiar enough, before was was the [tome?] at the water's edge very picturesque with its low houses in pinks, yellows, greens + [c lori?] red roof and above it a line of low hills of varying height—looking for all the world like ant hills so—rounding were they all and so numerous, these are all extinct volcanoes it is said but one would never imagine it from the verdure every where. We took a carriage at the further end of [sun are] where we got it cheaper and were rattled over the cobble [foaving??] through the streets, the low houses seemed to be of one room only, small as were the shops, by the provision markets where the smells were pretty bad, onto the Botanical Garden which was like Paradise with its quiet, the singing of many birds and the delicious perfume, at the entrance was a hedge some fifteen or twenty feet high of a flower whose fragrance was similar to tube rose, a white flower with long tube something like jassamine, a little boy who had constituted himself my or our, guide was quite distressed to see me go toward a rose + hold up a Marichal Niel rose for Mrs. Clark to see the size, he hurried forward saying no! no! I repeated after him no!, no!.

From there we drove thro' the nice consul's garden where we saw calla lilies growing, wistaria and all many of roses . . One strange sight was to see a large man drawn by a shee[f/t?]! He was delivering something at the horses — the sidewalks were extremely artistic affairs, always being arranged in some design, one was a garland design through the centre. The cathedral was a large church, but cheap and tawdry inside as one would expect. We went ashore at about 8 A.M. and had till morn, but got tired enough to return to steamer before it was so warn. From St. Michael's island where Porta del Garda is, to the Madeira's is about a twelve [^twenty four] hours' sail when we are out at sea out of sign of land.

On Monday we embarked at Madeira, a most lovely view presented itself when we went on deck, the country about the city was more mountainous, and the city spreads out into suburban districts more as it would at home, gives the impression of a much larger place, and a deep ravine which ran in among the mts. was very impressive. Such a strange scene as presented itself when we landed, there was the street filled with the bullock teams, which have regular runners like sleds, the seats facing one another of wicker with square frames over them

hung with white cotton on what looked like rubber — these were waiting to take people to the mt. railway some little way [^out] of the town which they go up in order to come down on the famous "stone slide", we did not go as I did not was to come tearing down a toboggan slide but was now we had gone for we found the cars were each managed by the natives, who steered it + that it did not go so very rapidly, after all, these cars have the same kind of

[[continues onto another page of same letterhead:]]

Runners as the carts — we however enjoyed ourselves, Mrs. Groves and myself, strolling thro' the little city and were impressed with the quietness as these carts make no noise whatever, running over the paved ways very quietly. [in?] f[oms?] we kept slipping round and a[fter?] build it to the fact that a fine sorrel grows in both the street and on the side walk but we learned afterward that the drivers grease the runners to their carts every little while; also, the people were better dressed and seemed more prosperous whether they were in their best for the day, holy Monday, I do not know but noticed several children who were dressed as English ones with the short stockings showing the bare knees.

There is an old old gray f[ool—? oot?] up over the town to which there is a steep climb, we walked where [h]e looked right up to it and on a steep bank below it we saw two large spots of ground which were covered with a bright purple vine which proved to be I found afterward the "bourgainvillia" the lovely little balconies on the front of the houses and the charming gardens on the back.

We went thro' one street where these gardens were over our heads, with vines growing over the edge, potted plants placed round, in one an arbour with a grape vine well pruned beginning to put forth leaves.

I must not forget to mention the interesting little stones with which both streets and sidewalks are paved they have in the latter in the more elaborate designs the effect of mosaics in one color — these little stones looked as it there were not more than two or three inches in length, and were send up on end to make certain figures one design wasa succession of elongated or oval rounds it must have taken an immense amount of labor to lay them, I was much more impressed with Madeira and think it would be a fine place to stay for a while. As we steamed away we found the whole length of the island was scattered over with houses I think some one landed there from the steamer to stay for two or three weeks.

We did not find the lace that Miss Cobb said was to be found there but their exquisite embroidery they call lace. I did not invest as [tho't] might have greater variety to choose from in Switzerland. I forgot to speak of the strange sight about the ship when we looked out early before breakfast, we had heard much talking and arguing while dressing and there on the side of the steamer we between forty and fifty small boat with men and boys in them, most of them diving for five cent pieces thrown into the water for them to catch and souch a jabbering as there was. These boys looked like Greeks some said looked wild but were perfect ducks in the water.

Am writing this as we land tomorrow A. M. some time at Gibraltar where our letter and postals will be mailed.

Must stop with very much love to all — please include Grace and let her see all my letters or read them to her. Will it be too much to ask you to save them for me for can not write as much in my diary I did not see grace on the wharf suppose she went right hom, was it not too bad that [Annie] did not get on board and I sawnothing of the flowers inquired for them several times but with no result.

Mrs. Groves is enjoying herself now — Mrs. Clark did not go on land yesterday, felt so shaky, but goes tomorrow.

Your loving daughter

Anna.

FOLDER: VINAL FAMILY / LETTERS, MARCH-APRIL 1907.

[[First letter: On S.S. "REPUBLIC" letterhead (in red ink with stamped flag and monogram). Written in black ink.]]

Thursday March 28

Dear Leslie,

Here we are in the Mediterranean steaming toward Algiers— there have been all sorts of rumors in regard [^to] the landing there, some being that we would arrive in evening and none of passengers would be allowed to land, (as we are now about two days late,) another that we might land for a short time only, but this P.M. a gentleman who has spoken to Mrs. Groves several times told her that the captain had said we should reach there late tonight — and passengers would have a chance to go in shore in A.M. for a short time; we are properly pleased as it would be a shame to come to a port and not be able to see any of it.

We have been near the African coast all day; it is very hilly and mountainous close down to the shore and is most picturesque.

Mr. Parsons, one of the Appalachians though he saw a rail road along some of the shore, but we did not see how it could be, as there seem to be almost no settlements along it,. Have been talking with a lady, who go on at Gibraltar, she had been in Tangiers on the opposite side and said Gibraltar seemed like home in comparison; the hotels are out side the town walls where everything was quiet, but inside the scene was indescribably, where one could not walk with out being jostled by dirty burro and Moor; she and her daughter went all round by them selves are they were told it was perfectly safe, tho' she said she presumed the Moslem hated the Christian as much as ever ; there were there four days which was plenty long enough to stay; I cannot imagine one wanting to go to such uncivilized places. I have sent you a postal from both the Azores and Madeira and hope you will get both. They were both very interesting but the latter much more so, both as to the town itself (Finchal) and the country, which to my surprise was very mountainous, town was much cleaner and quieter it seemed to me and had a more cosmopolitan air. They have a famous stone slide from up on the mountain down to the town, we were afraid it might be after the nature of a toboggan slide so did not go up — was sorry I did not, for it was plenty safe, the straw sled was guided but a man on each side, who walked beside it when it went slowly enough and stood on the runners at other times, but guided it with their feet. It is a place where one could stop for some time. We tried to find some native laces which go mostly to Portugal and Spain so some one told us, but evidently this person was mistaken for there was nothing but the embroidery some of which was exquisitely fine. It looked just like the Swiss embroidery. Yesterday we were at Gibraltar for two or three hours it did seem so good to have it cool. It is a grand rock even higher than I thought, and covers more ground. Just inside the gate is the market where every thing is bought and sold — nothing so [raised] there. The [Lojates?] run right up the hilly streets in the upper part of the town with the great

rock forming over head; as we reached the business street we found the walks and streets muddy tho't it was from rain, but later saw a man flooding the street — our boots suffered from it. Saw the burros on the street with three tiny wine casks I suppose they were strapped across their backs and the bare footed Moors in their flowing robes with huge soft-strand baskets filled with eggs. There is a drive up to the top of the fortress, but we were told not to take it as there is a long walk up hill of a mile and over after leaving the carriage to get the top and most or all of it is through the galleries which was

[[continues onto another page of same letterhead]]

Blasted through the rock in order to place the cannon at frequent apertures. I may have to close this suddenly ifit [^the steamer] goes ashore tonight; shall have to give the steward some little commission but feel as if it would be surer of reaching you from Africa, if under English protection.

Saturday Mch. 30th.

There was no finishing this Thursday tho' I took it ashore with me [^yesterday] did not get a chance to mail it so you will receive it thro' Italy, we arriving at Naples sometime tomorrow A.M.

Many of the people on board went over Thursday evening to see the town, but as we had no gentleman we did not think of going as it is not considered for ladies to go round there alone, as there was nothing but the streets to be seen do not think I should have gone, but daylight the place was interesting to look at for it seems up quite a hill which is capped by a large building which the guide we had said was the harem, as we have found some of his information was not correct, do not feel sure it was but it was some large palace of some kind and how good the air pure & fresh for the water did feel after going thro' some evil smelly quarters; we told him we wanted to go thro' some of the narrow street where the Arabs lived and we had what we wanted; we tho't we should never reach the top, saw quite a number of women with their faces veiled, also several times the patient burros came stepping down two or three at a time.

All along the [quay?] the town is built of large appartement houses, [ur]cadid and reminded me strongly of me de Rivioli in Paris — the stones are all Parisian on the main boulevard and the place is rapidly increasing in size, the French spreading up and along the surrounding hills. I bought a little jewel case for Ema Burt a commission for her; she wanted some memento from there; it cost \$.70 a cheap thing but very characteristic of their style of workmanship. We went into the different mosques and in two had to put on slippers so as not to desecrate their floor coverings. The first one one inside was like a small room decorated with every conceivable style of chandelier mostly of glass pendants, flags and lanterns, and an immense tomb hung with many coverings which I suppose the people worship as Mahomet's for the Arabs kissed the hanging one after another as they moved along — We were fortunate in getting a native who spoke some English, he was in Boston for five years, but said he was married now and wife would not go to America, he has two or three children now and kept telling us of his house with garden where his children were all t[?i?] well, where they buried in city "all this sick" he said'

when he came where we could see it he p[resented?] it with great pride, The place was very foreign but did not interest me as much as Gibraltar or Madeira; we bought a few postals only; I should prefer to get expensive things in a place where I had more confidence — We have some very nice people on board, M[attie? Other?] told me Miss Cobb who belongs to App. Club was going, also Mr. + Mrs. Parsons, + Mr. +Mrs. Stevens; have found Miss Cobb very good company and her room mate Miss Nichols from Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Mrs. Thorndike wrote to tell me of, as she knows Louside very well from having met her at Jackson several summers; then a Mrs. Rogers from Newton Centre who knows the [Bryden's] [Mattie's] friends and her friend from Cambridge Mrs. Howlett are very nice indeed

There are several people from Rochester NY on a Clark party, and one of them a Katharine Spencer is a fly away, she has made friends with some of officers and likes to talk with them, she told us about the [purses?] very very well liked for he oversteps his authority sometimes; he would not allow the musicians to land at Madeira said they were a part of the crew, one [mounder?] however went just the same.

Mr. Herreshoff the famous yacht-designer and builder is on board and it is lovely to see his smiling face tho' he is blind, there seems to be quite a party with him + his wife and two or three young ladies are [devotion?] — him, he walks as straight as a soldier; is it not wonderful that by simply passing his hand over a model, he can tell just what he wants to be [alived? Achieved?]

Must closewith love as want to thank one or two for remembrances.

Sister Anna.

Tomorrow is Easter +we hope to land in season [?] to some church but do not expect to.

[[letter 2: On letterhead with art print letterhead followed by PENSIONE BOOS / PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI / ROMA, in black or sepia ink. Written in black ink.]]

Roma, Monday April 8th

Dear Mary,

We have just arrived here at about 1.30, had our luncheon in one of the small parlors, been up to the bankers (Mrs. Groves and myself) for our mail — it is now a little after five and as the mail goes out tonight at 6 pm for U.S. I am trying to write a line to send, as it is the first chance we have had since our arrival at Naples a week ago yesterday — I had a nice letter from Sadie which p[lease] th[ank] for — as you can see I cannot write much with this pen — have just changed to one that is better, Heaven be praised.

We have had such a glorious time on our trip to Pompeii La Cava, Paestum, Amalfi and Sorrento — even though the weather was a little unfavorable! When we left Naples last Tuesday, for our trip of four days, it looked as if it might rain before long — but we were not greatly inconvenienced until on [^Thursday] when we drove from Amalfi to Sorrento, where there were so many showers, it made a continual opening and shutting of the carriage, for when closed it hid the view largely — and our part of the trip to Capri had to be given up, as the steamer did not come [from] Naples on account of the heavy sea — in their secret hearts I know both Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Groves were not sorry, as they dreaded being on the water again; as for myself I had seen it once so did not care as much as I otherwise would have done. We waited at the hotel till after luncheon, took train to Castelamau + from there by train to Naples.

I saw nothing whatever of Annie Spavin's flowers, though I enquired several times for them but if you could have seen the room filled with boxes of them, and baskets of fruit you would not have wondered if some did not reach their destination; the fresia Alden gave me I managed to keep and wear for several days. Theo's violets were a great surprise; but such a time as we had to find a place for all our things; when we came to pack up before laundry; we had to leave out some boxes of crackers for we could not take them with us + knew they would not keep well so long in our trunks, but I hung on to Heber's box of candy which we have still; we had such good living on steamer could not use all our gifts. I also took off a half dozen of [Bue's?] oranges — they were too good to lose.

Must close with love to all, as it is mail time

Sister Anna.

[[letter 3: On S.S. "REPUBLIC" letterhead (in red ink with stamped flag and monogram).
Written in black ink]]

Rome, April 10th. 1907.

Dear Mother,

It was only two or three lines that I had time to send Mary before the mail went out on Monday, when we arrived. It seems such a long long time since we started for our delightful trip round to Pompeii, La Cava, Paestum, Amalfi, Sorrento + Capri from Naples. In the first place we did not find the arrival at Naples as bad as we had anticipated, as regarded getting our things thro' the custom [^house], hampered as we were with a foreign language, for they took our word for it, that we had no tobacco and cigars, which are the chief things they look for, and as we went with Miss Cobb to the Pension Poli, there was a man looking for her, who got us a carriage and we were off in less than half and hour from time of landing which was about eight, and after settling our things somewhat, we started for the Cathedral or Duomo for a later service; this was more imposing than I expected, being a large one and not over decorated as so many often are. Naples has improved much in the last few years, being (the streets) cleaner, tho' the rubbish is still to be seen in little piles every little way; the noises are not as bad as they used to be in the opinion of those who had been there before, and I did not see such forlorn specimens of horses, which looked as if only a breath would make them drop; their drivers seemed to take good care of them and the continual snapping of the whip, was not for them but for the passers-by, so we felt altogether comfortable about them

In the P.M. we went to Posilipo in a vain search for Virgil's tomb, as we found on our way home it was in the city limits; we rode quite a distance in the cars, then walked for some two miles I should say up a gradual hill all the time leading to the crown of the hill where one could see the water on the other side of the point and I presume see [Ischia] as well; I forgot to say that we had a fine view of the bay and of Capri from our window at Pension Poli which was in the western and newer part of the city, quite a way up the hill on Pares

[[continues on new page of same letterhead]]

Margherita which was a street lined with many pensions and hotels.

We were two days late in landing, as we should have arrived on Friday, instead of which it was Sunday morning, however we should be thankful that we had such a comfortable passage, tho' it was unusually cool the whole trip.

John Graves wrote his mother you had something of a blizzard the next week after we started and some steamers starting then had rough passage over. Monday we went down town to get our tickets for the trip (Miss Cobb was with us for the week) and such a crowd as there was at Cook's the result of the banks being closed for the Easter holidays and then we found an attractive little store where we made a few purchases

In the P.M. Miss Cobb and I found the spot where Virgil was buried, by an old tunnel which runs to the town of Pozzuoli, but such a long winding flight of stone steps we had to take to reach it the centre of the steps had [into] the shape of a basin so you may imagine what it was to walk down it!

Both Sunday and Monday were bright cloudless days, but Tuesday tho' lovely showed some signs that there might be rain be[fore]long; but fortunately for us it kept off till THursday (that is there was not much rain till then) so that we had an ideal time at Ponpeii, instead of having a guide we wandered around at our pleasure for two or three hours.

The city of the dead seemed larger to me than it did before, strange to say, and the Forum in its decay is a most impressive place; they have lately adopted the plan of planting some of the larger gardens with shrubs and flowering plants, the effect of which is lovely; we looked through the iron gate at the garden of the house of [Pansa] and a boy caretaker gave Mrs. Clark and me each a daisy and pansy; of course he expected something in return and we were only too glad to give him a cent or two. I shall have occasion to remember the [Stataean] baths for I tripped

[[continues on new page of same letterhead]]

over some stones and scraped my knee badly, it is now healing and the soreness has gone. After a luncheon at one of the hotels we left for La Cava a town a [way] the hills which was once quite a place having one wide main street with a large park in the centre of the town. The street was [arcaded] for quite a distance, we went to the hotel Savoire recommended by Cook + started for an hour's drive up to Corps di Cava to see the famous cathedral called La Trinita del Cava which was founded in 1025; a monastery was connected with it which was suppressed with many others after the government ceased to be run by the pope and has been a ly[ceum] or higher school since then. The priest who showed us round was so much pleased when he found Miss Cobb could speak Italian after a fashion and told us many things he took us down in the crypt to see the bones of many who had begged to be buried there then showed over their fine library which contains many valuable books in many languages and letters on parchment which were very old. Then back to the hotel where we had one of the best dinners since landing they served sardines fried in oil which were delicious, and such a pretty dessert of boiled rice with peaches ranged round the edge and cherries filled the top. Our dinner there consisted of eight courses the most elaborate or at any rate the finest dinner all in all that we have had and we have had some very nice ones too! The next A.M. we left for Paestum, and it was an interesting sight when we got down to the station to see the parties arrive with their luncheon for the day packed in white canvas bags with a bottle of wine at in each end, sticking up! We were continually running across people from the steamer who were making the same round as ourselves. When we reached Paestum it sprinkled some, but fortunately not much, and those fine grand ruins it seems marvellous when there is almost nothing else left to recall the Greek occupation of Italy — that the Temple of Neptune should have been left so nearly complete as it is and indeed the same as regards to the other two tho' the forum is [much] the finer — if one could only visit them time after time.

We had nearly half a day there and left for Salerno, where at about five we found a carriage which the proprietor of the [Davoil] at La Cava had brought over for us which was to take us a drive of 3 hours to Amalfi, there all the luncheon bags were collected + sent back. (A Mrs. Sherrill and her sister Mrs. Gleason both elderly women were on board the steamer and as their seats were near ours Mrs. Groves became well acquainted with them + took quite a fancy to them and as Mrs. S. had not been to Naples before or the other places wanted to go with us and they are still here with us but leave next Monday April 15th for Florence; we shall probably seen them again) It is impossible to describe the grand scenery that was unfolded as we went in and out round the many many curves of the great promontory — it was such a strange sight to see the steep hillsides all cultivated with [eister?] olive trees or oranges + most of the latter were covered the [thatch] coverings; we learned after wards these were to keep them from ripening too soon; or a hedge would be made of these coverings to keep them from being chilled byh the cold winds.

Am closing in a hurry Saturday April 13th
From your loving daughter Anna.

[[letter 4: On plain white paper. Written in black ink]]

[Rosfriglioss] Palace —
Rome April 13 —

My dear Mary:

I have thought of you so many times and wished you were with us — We are enjoying every moment and seeing so much that we shave have plenty to think of the rest of our lives.

Thank you so much for the lovly collar and I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed your little kimono.

Just think of our living in a Palace! Does it not sound fine? When you with your sister Josephine will you please give her my love and thanks for the nice pack of cards? Our first letters from home were received on Monday, the day of our arrival here and it was such a pleasure to receive them. John went in such good spirits and every one has been so kind to him I shall never forget it.

Mrs. [Keene] was so thoughtful to make those little things to them [over] my [wrists], please give her my love and thanks.

Rome is wonderful and I wish you were all here. We saw some wonderful mosaics in the [Prudentiana], the finest in Rome and we walked on the floor that was in [Pender?]’s home where S.S. Peter and Paul were entertained. I know your sister has written you a full and intelligent account of all these things, so I’ll only send a line. My best love for your own dear self, your dearn Mathew and sister [Mathew] — and best wishes that you are all well —

Lovingly your friend,

[Millie/Nellie] G. Groves —

[[letter 5: On letterhead with art print followed by PENSIONE BOOS / PALAZZO
ROSPIGLIOSI / ROMA, in black or sepia ink. Second page on plain white paper, thin.
Written in black ink. At top of page, centered, in handwriting, "No. 4."]]

Sunday, April 14th. 1907.

Dear Mary:

Will continue from where I left off in mother's letter which went last night.

The only thing to do when going to Amalfi was to stay at the [Cappierni]-Convento Hotel in the old Capuchin monastery, above the town with a fine view — imagine our state of mind and breath when we arrived at the entrance many feet above the street, and in order to gain it had been obliged to climb some one hundred and eighty or ninety feet [^steps] in the rain (as there was no covering) without our rubbers — as we had not known of the peculiar approach; fortunately we reached the top without wet feet which was more than one might have expected, as it had been raining enough the latter part of our drive, (some hour or two) for use to have the carriage closed, which kept out the view, unfortunately.

We left Salerno at 5 and reached Amalfi about seven. We were shown to a fine large room, but with such a queer approach. We had to go out onto the roof, walk over a glass dome shaped room (to some room), down a few stairs, then up others when we reached the flight of three or four steps which led to our door; inside were three beds, a fine place which the landlady lighted "at my expense" she said, when she found we were pretty damp. The decoration of ceiling was a two thirds figure of a monk saying his beads, which such a weak smile upon his face!

Miss Cobb had written ahead for one of the cells for her self; she looked out upon the old cloister, hers was the last cell that remained when the landslip occurred in 1899 and ours was one of the new rooms added a story higher than Miss Cobb's. The view was grand though we hardly had time to enjoy it, as we started after breakfast on a drive up to [Ravecco], this took some two hours as it is pretty steep — we just had time to look through the Cathedral, linger over the magnificent marble [arfo?] with fine mosaics, see some fine old laces in back of ch[anal] and the old bronze [^door] made in Constantinople in of 1179. At two we started to drive for Sorrento, hoping it would not rain much, but toward latter part we again had to have the top put up; however, as we were fortunate to have only a sprinkle in A.M. we did not mind much. I forgot to say that we went into the Amalfi Cathedral, which has a fine exterior of course of black and white stones + a fine old belfry which has some old pillars from Paestum; and it was the bronze doors of this cathedral wh- were [^made] in Constantinople in 1066; they bear Latin inscriptions in silver letters; they looked as if of the same metal as the doors. There are columns decorated with mosaic from Paestum both in the choir + the cloisters. At Sorrento we stopped at the Hotel des Syrenes (of the Sirens) named for two or three islands near the coast by [^that] name, and from here were unable to carry out the last part of our trip, as the rain prevented the boat coming from Naples for Capri — so we looked round the stores some, had luncheon at hotel, then took train for Castellamare where we took the train for Naples — of course we were disappointed at least Miss Cobb and I were, and Mrs. Gleason but the rest who were all more or less upset on steamer were only too glad to get rid of the Blue [Grotto] part of the programme!

That night we reached Naples about six, went back to the Pension Poli where we had left our bags only to find we could not have the rooms we had left — he [^(in Poli)] could give us one in his sister's pension — and so Mrs. Groves + Clark went down to the Pension Points, where Mrs. Sherrill and her sister were; they went to several places before they could get in. Miss Cobb + I had to have our dinner up stairs as the table was full — nothing was hot and it was after eight when we got through. This was Friday night and all of party were planning to go to the opera Saturday evenings — thought they were going to see Aida but it was Samson + Delilah. Mrs. Clark + I did not go, as I had no notion of being up late; wanted to rest for our trip and be in good condition for the four hours' ride to Rome on Monday

Saturday A.M. we three went to the Museum, which is very fine in treasures such as the fine mosaics from Pompeii, Mercury at Rest, the Fawn keeping time by snapping his fingers, the [Farnese] Bull, the exquisite figure of the listening Dionysius called Narcissus — the latter and Mercury + the farm or satyr small figures in bronze, and a small room full of figures of Venus, the crouching one + the one where she looks over her shoulder, the place is full of interesting things; before we went there we did some shopping. I bought Belle's coral chain hope she will like it, it is nice as far as one can tell;

On Sunday we went again to the Museum, have some fine postals of the subjects I have mentioned. Miss Cobb went down to see about her ticket for Sicily - she left Sunday night with Miss Oliphant the young lady I spoke of from the steamer who was such a good Italian scholar and talked with the [Sicilian] doctor so much; her mother went also (Mrs. Workman) think Miss Cobb was more than fortunate to have some one go with her for most every one seemed to think it not quite safe or admirable at the least for her to go alone.

And now I must finish up this letter as I am tired writing — I sent Mother's letter in a hurry or should have written a line in Mrs. Groves sheet to tell you that she spoke of it several times in Naples that she went for the first time to the aquarium in New York, with Josephine and to the one in N— with me!

We are having a fine time in Rome in spite of some rain Enjoy this pension, has excellent table.

Mrs. Sherrill and her sister Mrs. Gleason leave tomorrow, for Florence, but we shall very likely run across them again, in Switzerland as they plan to be there in June as we do

This is very central where we are, and the other day we ran across Miss Nichols from [Miss] P's Farmington school in one of the churches and found she was very near us, in another part of this building I think but we have not yet been to look for the plan, we are so busy — if we are able to see what we most want to by the end of this week, we may start on Saturday for Assisi instead of Monday a week from tomorrow, for as Mrs Groves planned the best places to be on Sundays it will be better to make up the two or three days we lost by being overdue at Naples; otherwise the Sunday come wrong —

Mrs. Groves went to see about getting a chance to see the Vatican garden + may have a permit for a special ceremony at St. Peter's m Thursday next when there will be many cardinals — those who avail themselves of the opportunity must wear black and make [obeisance?] to the Pope — personally I think it no place for a Protestant + shall not go, but shall be glad to avail myself of any other privileges. The priest whom Mrs. G [served] was Fr. Br[oten] + was very nice said if he were not so busy, he should take us round to see the sights! — Later and lots of love must [write?] to good [Sadie?] home had two letters fr. her! Home for home tho' hope to hear tomorrow

Sister Anna. —

[[at bottom of page:]] (over)

[[other side of page:]]

This did not go last night and so am glad to write that Mother's nice letter came yesterday P.M.

Was amazed to hear of the [snipping?] of the [trim] around windows mother said it was the day after I left but John wrote his mother that you a high wind the week after we left — which was it?

Tuesday April 16.

[[letter 6: On plain white paper, thin. Written in pencil. At top of page, centered, in handwriting, "(5) (?)"]]

Florence
Friday April 26th 1907

Dear Mother: —

We were on the go so much the last two days before I left Rome did not write a letter as usual but sent two or three lines on a postal which I hope you will have received long before these lines reach you — I also sent a package of postals to Mary of scenes in Rome, hope they will arrive safely as they will give you all quite an idea of how the city looks — we had such a nice time there in spite of much unpleasant weather when it rained slightly every little while — think we had four or five days only of pleasant weather out of our fifteen days if so much as that, but the last two days were gloriously bright with such a blue blue sky! And I just think of the ideal way and appropriate in which our last night there was passed — in seeing the Coliseum by moonlight — we had heard it was to be illuminated on Sunday evening but decided not to go, as we tho't it would not be as satisfactory as by moonlight, and then to see it by the latter, was delightful. We three started alone having been assured by our landlord that it was quite safe. In the car some Englishmen spoke to Mrs Groves the instant they heard her tell the conductor where she wanted to get off, said it seemed so good to hear their own language spoken, and one of them asked all about our trip — seemed to think it quite marvellous that we should be so far away alone; one of their party had heard a lecture the day before upon the Coliseum and kindly repeated what he remembered of it which was a great deal — we enjoyed hearing it very much and the thoroughly English accent. Rome seems much changed to me, more cosmopolitan, much cleaner, but with less individual color than formerly. There are so many people there much of the time; the streets are [thronged]. It has a swept up look such as Aunt [Mercy] discovered in the country in England and one thing which I was so sorry to see was the fencing in of all the classical ruins, which one must pay an admission to see! The modern is crowding in upon the ancient — so much that except one is out in their midst they might think themselves in Boston, New York or Paris. It made me think of the latter many times.

Very appropriately (as it is the centre of the [strangers'] quarter) we went to Piazza di Spagna [oftener] than any other [^place] as the stores there are fine as well as in Via Condotti which leads out of it.

We went all over (state apartments) [^ the rooms?] in the King's Palace and through his stable, where we saw 104 horses in their stalls and every thing immaculate — at each stall was a basket dark blue in color and edged with red for hay —

One of our choicest experiences was hearing the blue [nun]s sing on three different afternoons just before six at a church not far from the pension Boos (Boce) where we were — one of the voices was glorious, such a clear soprano and so s[??r]e — then the organist must have been a thorough musician for her played the fine organ beautifully — we went to hear white [nun]s in

church at the head of the Spanish steps who are considered famous but did not compare (their singing) with the other. The nuns had gowns of lovely soft blue (looked like [nuns? Moms?] [v/c]eiling) — white covering for their heads and down [^to] the bottom nearly of their dresses — We met some very pleasant people

[[in black ink]] We are off for [Siena] so good bye
your loving daughter
Anna.

[[letter 7: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. At top of page, right corner, in pencil,
"Please return"]]

Rome, Italy
Siena,
Sunday, April 28th., 1907

Dear Sadie;

Will send this sheet as I have only a few with me. You may [^be] sure your letters were all thoroughly appreciated, and I felt quite conscience stricken when I found the third one waiting for me in Florence, to think you had had no return. Do tell Josephine that her letter was a lovely surprise; shall answer it before long I hope; was very much interested in her account of the nest of rats in Carl's barn. As to the papers you referred to, I have them with me and mean to send one or two in this letter if I do not forget them; I will make them out for several dollars so as not to have to send many. Why didn't you say anything about the tin being torn off the roof of the house by the wind? I was amazed to learn of it through mother's letter. Hope mother is well, have had one nice letter from her (which is the only one from home so far, but as long as I hear through you it is all right; don't say one word to them at home for I only want them to write when they feel like it.)

Was so delighted to hear that Leslie had been for a change and Mary too, hope it did her good. I sent home a package of postals of Rome which you must ask to see and want the children to see them. It is just one month today since we landed at Naples and it seems six! We have had a lovely time, in spite of much unpleasant weather, only three or four pleasant days out of the fifteen in Rome, but we managed to get around between the showers except two or three days when it rained pretty hard. Our last two days in Rome, were magnificently bright which I shall never forget. We left here last Tuesday A.M. about ten for Assisi, which was such a pretty town perched on the side of a steep hill, near the head of the wide Umbrian valley it took us three quarters of an hour to reach it from the station down in the plain, as we had to wind back and forth along the hill several times. What strikes one in looking upon the scenery that spreads before our passing in the train, is the great dearth of forest trees; the constant cultivation of the soil, producing olives from the trees and grapes and wine from the [vines], accounts for this, for every spot which has soil enough is planted with one or the other; the trees extending up to the top of the hills, time and time again; this lack of foliage gives the country a spectacular color from the gray green olive trees, which look much like the color of the ground all around; then the roads are almost as white as clam shell roads which is quite trying to the eyes; they look, as some one has said, like stretches of white ribbon winding across the plains. We stayed one night in Assisi, then left for and arrived at Perugia on Wednesday, another hill town, but much larger than Assisi having about 25,000 inhabitants, here they had electric cars from the station up into the town. The first peculiar characteristic of the people, was that of all the men, especially the young ones, carrying ca[s]es, it was such a funny sight they all seemed to be gentlemen of leisure! It seemed (the city) quite cosmopolitan and so attractive — there is enough there beside the famous gillary to interest one for several weeks, but instead of the two days we expected, we left on Thursday, as we had some trouble about our tickets which we bought of Co[r/o]k; so thought it safer to leave on [^one of] the days mentioned as going to the

two towns without change of cars — On Tuesdays, Thursdays + Saturdays; here we arrived yesterday noon, a place of twenty five thousand, but does not see as wide a wake as Perugia — it is a city of bells and birds such a clanging as there was [^and is] every few hours I like it — and I heard the birds twittering on the roof next us early this morning — sounded so pretty Mrs. Groves + I are writing; it has been raining hard like thunder showers. Am much surprised to learn that Josephine goes to housekeeping but think it will fine for Mrs. Churchill poor woman who needs more [favoring?] than she could have where she is. Am so sorry to learn of Mrs. Tebie's illness — hope she is decidedly better now — if you see Lillie send my love to her. I must write Mrs. Libby, was so sorry not to get up to see her; am so glad for Lucy must write her sometime. I wrote Aunt Molly a few lines. Did you know she wanted me to get her an amethusyh chain with cross; shall not be sorry if I cannot get it for \$25 or under for that takes off for my amount for myself. Am glad Mary Kidder's better. With love to all the dear ones

Sister Anna —

[[written up left margin on first page:]] cannot send the blank. They are in my other bag in Florence! [Nana?] bought two sashes for J— one red + blue the other the regular Roman colors — both cost \$5.00 wasn't that reasonable? Also have bought Belle's coral + one for Grace. Latter ' is a lighter pink

[[letter 8: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Villa Dante, Florence
May 1st. 1907.

Dear Mother: —

We arrived at this charming spot last evening, shortly before seven, having left Siena, yesterday morning for Pisa, where we had four hours for its treasures, on our way back to Florence, and we had a fine time tho' it was a hard day, as we took breakfast at 6:30; the train leaving at 7.25 A.M.! you may imagine we were tired enough to sleep late this A.M. that is Mrs. Clark and myself, Mrs. Groves being ambitious enough to have breakfast at a little after eight and go down to get letters and see the Duomo, bringing us ~~home~~ [^back] lots of letters we were delighted to get, yours and Mary's nice ones for me, am so glad you have had the cleaning done it must be such a relief, and then everything must seem so clean,

And now I am going to give you a great piece of news, what will you say when I tell you that yesterday I ran across [Fannie] Wilder! We had just boarded the train at Empoli for Pisa, when a lady who had been standing at the window in the passage in the forward compartment, saw me, came + stood in front of me before I realized that it was any one I knew, for I had been talking with a lady who with her daughter had passed the winter in Berlin, so it almost seemed as if Frances had dropped from the skies; after we had talked awhile I went to see her friend, Mrs. Smith, whom she was going to Genoa with, to see her started for home, as she (Frances) is to stay longer over here; her friends said she must have been glad to see me, for the meeting had acted like a tonic upon her; she has a nice place on the other side of the [Amo?]; she gets back to Florence tomorrow (Thursday) and is to meet us at Cook's on Friday where she will fall in with our plans as she is to be here some time + we will be busy getting in all we want to in a short two week's stay; she wanted me to take luncheon with her and I may though I really have not the time to spare, but if she seems lonely shall do so, and ask her here someday. Isn't that the strangest thing, my running across her here, when I expected her to be on the water bound for home; — and now must tell you about this place which we found thro' Miss Constantine's assistant, who is a most charming young lady. We found that the plan of going from Assisi and Perugia to Siena, was not feasible as it meant a long day's travel, so came on to Florence from Perugia last Thursday, stayed two nights, on opposite corner from Mme. Constantine, as she was full and could not take us then as she had not expected us until the first of this week; while there secured rooms here, left our large bags and started last Saturday for Siena where we stayed till yesterday A.M. as I said before. The people who live here are Italians of education I judge, for they have kept or have had people boarding here who wanted to learn Italian — Mrs. Groves and I came to look at rooms, and as they spoke only French beside their own language I had to engage the rooms in what French I could muster; it was very amusing but Monsieur (or signor rather) understood, so we found every thing in readiness and every thing so nice and clean; the reason for this is that this gentleman and his wife have only had it one year; last year and for long before I kn[o]w not this was a convent or convent school and the house was renovated entirely I should judge for appearances. Signor Marinari was quite troubled that the friends of theirs, who has learned some English and is here every day for a few hours had gone, but we got along finely. It is now

2 P.M. and Mrs. Clark + I have just come in from a stroll about the lovely garden which in its mildness and untrimmed state makes me think some of our back of the house. We are just round the corner from Mme. Constantine but might be in the country it is so retired, the house sets back from the street behind a high iron fence the garden on every side, we saw and heard what sounded like a robin, it was so sweet, the front entrance with a double flight of stone steps on either side is just covered with English ivy Mrs. Clark said she wished Miss Cobb were here to take a picture of the house so we might send some home; if I only sketched but perhaps someday I will make a diagram which will at least show where things are. There are four Lombardy poplars on the side toward the street, over eighteen immense earthen vases with lemon + other trees, several slumps of lilacs some with sparse blossoms of the Persian variety, horse chestnuts, flower + vegetable beds coming forward, and the grass back filled with buttercups and English daisies (the color all gone) of which we both brought in some to say he had been Maying on the first of the month. I wish you could hear some of the things John writes his mother they sound as if out of an oration, he wrote in today's letter, that "you (his mother) did [^not] say anything about the barnacles hindering the ship's progress, Miss Vinal wrote of it + no doubt it had a great deal to do with the slowness of the trip! We had three charming young ladies at Rome who all spoke German so fluently we thought them of that nationality, but proved to be from Chicago + New York — two younger ones had had such a funny experience, one day Miss Schmidt + Miss Saxon went to see the sacred Bambino and the monk who showed it kept motioning to them and they being quite near did not think he could mean for them to move any nearer, and not knowing what else he could mean, but for them to kneel they both knelt before the shrine Miss Schmidt was very much ashamed of her self and had no idea of having it told but Miss Saxon who was younger began telling it at the table before Miss Schmidt knew what she was doing, so it came out and how we laughed at them! Miss Schmidt was such a sweet young lady of German descent with light pretty hair and such a nice complexion and sweet laugh. So modest she and her friend Miss Rovertson are friends of long standing both teach I think in Chicago and the latter had come over to join her friend in Rome. who had been studying all winter in Germany and had come down with MIss Saxon who she became acquainted with in Berlin for for first-[time ofen d] the Easter Holidays. We enjoyed them so much. Mrs. Groves sends her love and thanks you all for doing so much for John.

I wrote Sadie in Siena; she will bring the letter down for you to see no doubt. Will try to write more about last week's trip when I next write; shall I ever get caught up, but mean while will write little things. Want to write Leslie today or tomorrow.

Mrs. Clark was sorry not to have seen you on March. 16th. But will come up to see you some time when at Mrs. Groves

Thank Mary for her very nice letter hope my bunch of postals will arrive please letme know right away as I shall send more — to get them out of the way — if they go safely.

Your loving daughter,

Anna.

P.S. Tell Grace I shall write her before long. That I've hardly had her [bay??] out of my hand since I left home that is in the day time! Was just what I needed and is fine.

FOLDER: VINAL FAMILY / LETTERS, MAY 1907.

[[letter 1: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Villa Dante, Florence
Friday, May 3rd 1907.

Dear Leslie,

Here we are ensconced in the most retired place.
The house surrounded by a garden (a little wild in parts) with a high iron fence.

Signora Marinari is a charming hostess. Very desirous of pleasing; looks so domestic with her bunch of keys changing at her side, the only drawback it that neither she nor her husband speak any English; this is made up in a measure by their having a young lady who has learned to speak English; ~~she~~ comesing for a few hours every day.

You will be surprised that I have already run across Frances Wilder; she is going to stay here for a while; we met on the train to Pisa last Tuesday. From there she went on with her friend Mrs. Smith to Genoa to see her started for home and came back; we met at Cook's Friday, and she went, [or] showed us round to some of the churches after we had been to look at the Baptistry, where we saw a tiny baby baptized; the Cathedral Museum where we found the glorious choir stalls of Donatello with the dancing and singing boys. Then to the church of Santa Maria Novella. As Frances was very desirous that I take luncheon and pass the P.M. with her, we left the others at noon. We took a good rest, then I read to me out of her home letters. In Marion's she said (I think) Leonard was disappointed at his Aunt Anna's giving him and his wife a silver service; it was either that, or the fact that it [^{was}] marked with his wife's initials only! Imagine that, but do not mention it to anyone. Some one wrote about [Marjone's] little Anna, going one day into the room where the baby was and taking it up in her arms, her remark when the baby was taken away from her was "Well I am made of flesh and blood but he is made of glass!" she was quite indignant that they did not trust her.

Monday, May 6th —

We have had such busy days since I began this letter have not had time to finish it. Went down Saturday A.M. with Mrs. Clark to help her get a hat; she finally decided to [trim] it helsef, so bought trimmings, and when we reached home found MRS. Groves had at work trimming one for herself wanted to get it done before Mrs. Clark came! In the P.M. were sightseeing, also Sunday A.M. went through the royal apartments in the Pitt[i?] Palace, where we saw many costly cabinets, carved, inlaid, and in every variety of marble that belonged to the Midici family, one of black onyx, had columns of the oriental alabaster (yellowish) and much carved ivory. In the queen's dressing room was a fine p[ier] glass which formerly belonged to Empress Josephine of France — this room was oval-shaped and walls were covered with a brocaded silk of daintiest coloring.

Fa[nn]ie came in P.M. to go into the Cascine or park with us, to hear a band of eighty pieces, we drove in but unfortunately could find no band, tho' told that one played there every Sunday, but such a lovely drive as it was two miles out thro' fine large trees and back again, we were a little early for the driving, which comes every P.M. for half past four to six, but we lots of

carriages and people of the other class who had come to see a horse race! It seemed so strange, could hardly believe it was Sunday. We rode for an hour then came back to the villa, and had quite a garden party, as it was warm enough to sit out we found were sitting in chairs, when Signor + Signora Marinari and Signorina [S]ordoni joined us, Fannie had a nice time trying to talk with them — later a young lady cousin of our hostess came and a Mr.Wilson an Englishmen, who is much interested in her and to who she expects to be engaged — it seems her family was waiting the results of inquiries as to his status &c in England before giving consent to a formal engagement; it seems an all assorted kind of an alliance — she a firm Catholic + devoted of course and he not much, if any, of a church goer; he himself said that she scolded him for not going to church; he was not good looking, but pleasant and a talker, she could not speak English but did some French; she has a private school I believe, was very pleasant. Signora Marinari picked some cultivated English daisies from the garden and a lemon a piece from some trees growing in huge earthen pots. There are some two dozen of these arranged along the gravel walk from the gate to the front door and round back of the house.

Such wealth of wistaria as there is in many grounds, and this morning I saw some oleander in blossom for the first-time, saw some where some [wi]gelia just coming out. It is lovely here now as the green is so delicate and thin, but it is not the beauty of our luxuriant foliage — every thing trimmed to look so formal and artificial — not our rank growth.

Will make an exception of the Cascine where the trees grow in a state of nature and today in the cloisters to San Marco we saw a magnificent great tree in the centre with low spreading branches [that] made me think of England.

I must close as I must write a few lines to mother to go tomorrow, what do you think of Lucy Stone's marriage was it not a surprise I am very glad for her.

Lovingly
sister Anna.

[[letter 2: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Villa Dante, Florence

Wednesday, May 8th 1907.

Dear Mother

As usual I write to catch the mail which goes tonight; it is now about two, but I must finish in an hour, as we are to meet Frances down town and go to [Certosa].

The last few days have been delightfully mild and in the sun it is hot; the only other boarders besides ourselves are two French ladies from Brussels, who evidently belong to good families, for they are, in spite of wealth, very quiet and reserved and dress nicely but quietly. They travel first-class, seem to have everything including two dogs! and are connected with some of the best families in Paris. They intended to leave about the time we do, the first of next week, and were going as we to Venice, but have given up going there as they have learned it is so warm there and go directly home. They have proved very pleasant as we could talk with them they speaking English perfectly. The son of one of them has always had an English governess, and [^has] always preferred England to any other country; his mother says he looks much more like an Englishman than a French one; he is quite intimate with our American consul in Brussels.

They (the two ladies who are sisters), are going to give Mrs. Groves some good addresses for places in B— as you may imagine they are good judges; one address given Mrs. Groves they said was not reliable.

Later had a long letter from John this [morn? Noon?] wish you could hear some of his remarks they are so amusing; said he went up to the house for the Symphony ticket as was surprised and delighted to have Belle's ticket beside. Wrote his mother about his taking another young lady fro, the one he usually does, and why he did so, finding her no equal to his Emma whom he generally [^takes] and explaining at some length, why she was not to be compared to her! it was funny, he writes it all so seriously; he said Mrs. Rae's cooking was above reproach!

I hope Leslie has been to some of the concerts, Mary was to have seen that she had the ticket, ask her to let me know when she writes again. Enjoyed her letter very much, Enjoyed hearing about her pleasant time at Gloucester, think they were fortunate

Must close as time is up — and Frances waits!

Will soon write more —

Love to all daughter Anna.

[[letter 3: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Villa Dante, Florence.

Friday, May 10th, 1907.

Dear Mother: —

How often I have wished since we have been here to enjoy the lovely garden that you were here also We have a concert early every morning Mrs. Clark said this noon that she did so enjoy the singing of the birds, and if it were not for that, she would hardly know that it was spring. Sightseeing does not leave any time for that — hunting for birds, but we have them at our very door.

It is now 6.30 and Frances has just left, she came to go with us into the Cascine for a walk, but Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Groves did not get all their shopping done this morning that they expected or wanted to, so went down again this P.M. and I felt much more like staying in the garden than walking, it seemed so warm, so we had a restful time Miss [G/S/]ordini, brought us some long sprays of Ch[mise] roses that grow here some where, they are very small and a slight cream. Just think of the wistaria being a little past its prime! they have it here but I have not yet found where it grows! and such wealth of roses as there is every where, there is a house near here which has a large vine of what looks like Jacqueminot roses, with hundred on it; they the lovely tea roses grow so freely here.

I received such a nice letter from you last night, found it in my room after I came up from dinner; am so glad the house has been cleaned, hope it was all the rooms and how clean you must feel.

In the same mail with your letter came one from Alden. I have said nothing about his stamps and suppose he begins to feel anxious, I went to get some in Rome but when I told the clerk I wanted new stamps, she said it was better to get them in the country, where they were used otherwise I should have to pay more for them. Now Alden writes he would like some used ones as well, says his friend Harry Coolidge has returned from Panama and I imagine their needs are greater than he thought they would be, for he wants any stamps I can get!

We are to leave here on Monday and shall be sorry to go — in some ways for of course there is much we have not done, yet we are desirous to get along as fast as we can, before hot weather overtakes us. We have enjoyed seeing Frances and she has been about with us a good deal this week. Last Sunday I think I wrote she was here to dinner with me. On Monday, she went to [Fiesole] with us in the A.M. we found it very warm and were glad to get home, we were disappointed not to have a clear view, but the country was charming nevertheless.

Wednesday we all started for Certosa but did not get there! We went up to the Piazza of Michael Angelo where we had a glorious view then on theo a place called [Gelsomino] where we were to have taken a steam train, when the car came however both — there were two of them — were full so we had to give it up as none of us wanted to run the risk of having to stand the three miles out there, I was sorry for Mrs. Clark, but did not care for my self as I was not very desirous of going again, but went as the rest were going

Yesterday Franecs went shopping with first Mrs. Groves and then with me, so you see, she has been with us much.

If I finish this letter in time I am going in to call upon Mme. Constan[tine] before tea, think I wrote you that we could get such rooms as we wanted at her house but should not have gone any way, as her prices are much more; we saw the young lady who assists her and she said Mrs. C— was sorry not to come down but had had much trouble with her feet and limbs was lying down, said she hoped I would come in to see her and I said I would, but we have been so busy, have not got in there yet — if I do not see her today am afraid I shall not.

Will you ask Mary to look out for a roll which I sent home through the mail, it has a large photograph for Alden Sadie's gift to him. I mailed it from [Alinari's] on Thursday — let me know just as soon as it arrives please, if only by postal, hope it will go all right. My bag has so many things do not want to add any thing that will add to the weight in the least, shall [^send] shall some things along till I get a trunk or another bag.

Do you realize that when this reaches you about one third of the time will have gone? — the rest will pass before we know it or you either.

This morning Mrs. Clark and I went to the U[ff]izzi and Pitti galleries — second trip for the first, but my first for the other — such glorious paintings and sculpture. Mrs. Groves did some shopping bought the tickets and went to the Uffizzi. Aside from these, the two finest things or what I have enjoyed most, were the National Museum in the old Bargello that used to be the house of the chief magistrate in Dante! This and the lovely frescoes of Fra Angelico in the old Monastery of S[an] Marco. With much love to you and Mary

Your affectionate daughter Anna

[[letter 4: On plain white paper. Written in black ink, some smudges.]]

Venice, May 16th, 1907.
Thursday.

Dear Mother,

Was sorry not to have written a line this week but on Sunday I wrote to Mrs. Libby, whom I have had on my mind ever since landing, and that was all I had time for, as in the afternoon Frances came to make her last call.

Really forgot about sending a postal, as after dinner we sat in the parlor for a long time and conversed with Mme. and Mlle. [Janssen] the only two boarders at the Villa with us, they were evidently people of fine family and of means; they were from Brussels, and were of very dignified [learning? Bearing?] especially Mme. Jansson though very friendly when we saw them which was only once a day [^{at dinner}] as they breakfasted in their room and took their luncheon down town at a fashionable restaurant as they did not enjoy the Italian cooking of our table! We thot it very good indeed peculiar some of it but then it all is that, but every thing seemed unusually neat which went a long way. It did in with the Janssens, for they came there and stayed from two or three expensive hotels which they could not put [^{up}] with as every thing seemed so dirty.

We were very much surprised that Mme. Janssen should have told us of her private life she had seemed so reserved but perhaps she knew we would sympathize with her; it seems she obtained a divorce from her husband someten years ago, because he was such a cross and hot tempered man, she lived with him till her son was fifteen years on latter's account solely. She went home to her mother and took her maiden name the [father?] having the child, as he[r?] was worthy to care for him except in this one respect, and Mme Janssen was in the same city, so could telephone two or three times a day to her son which of course made it easier for her than if she could have heard from him occasionally only — he has always had an English nurse, who is at his father home and acts as a valet would now that he is grown.

This young man whose name is John likes the English more than his own people and looks like an Englishman, his mother says and has the latter's taste for sports and animals and an out of door life. He still feels very young tho' 25 and tells his mother he feels too young yet to marry, when ~~his mother~~ she advises it! This she has done as she knows he is not happy with his father. He is a great friend of our American consul there and is thinking of centering the diplomatic service, though he will have great wealth some day. Mme J has given us the address of the place in Brussels where she buys her laces, which secure us, fair service and said if she were to be at home when we were there she should be glad to see us, but during July and August she will be at her brother's castle! You may imagine she moves with a wealthy set when I tell you she knows General Paget well, who marries Miss Stevens an American, and has met the king of England more than once I should judge has dined with him. Her brother lives the next estate to that of King Leopold of Belgium She thinks he has lived a despicable life, but I suppose tolerates it in royalty, as she would not in any one else. She and her sister both has fine figures and were very agreeable intelligent women. though I wonder if they can be catholics!

On Monday we left dear Florence for Venice though we had heard that it was pretty warm here, arriving at Bologna at about two or half past, where we stayed over then took the P.M. train Tuesday at 3 about and reached here at 7.15. The trip [^on] was interesting being entirely different the two days — the first day it was up to, and across the Ape[n]nines, with such lovely and wild scenery deep gorges, and falls of rivers, that we had not seen the like of before, and then the air was so clean and pure and bracing it was like a tonic, and the second day was through such flat country with more dike and canals than we have seen before, and the grape vine cultivated every where, and [festomed?] from tree to tree.

We are at the top of a house with three long flights of stairs to climb! but it has its compensations; it is much quieter than it would be if we were down stairs. It is kept by a Mme. Anna Visntini a young looking woman with quite a vivacious manner has about twenty or two boarders; some American, English, French and Italian. One is an English American artist Alexander Robinson by name, whose wife is English One of the young ladies who sits by me at the table is taking lessons of him, seemed to think he was quite noted, said he came formerly from Boston, but has recently been in New York more. He is either in England or on the continent now and often take classes travelling for art. I don't remember him but that of course does not say that he may not be famous or well known but I rather doubt it.

We have been in to San Marco's, which is a wonder of decoration, about every foot available is covered with mosaics, which unfortunately have been restored. It is such a pity that every thing old should have to have such a polishing up as everything here in Italy is having — it may be that under the former regime things were neglected but they are certainly going to the other extreme now, looking after things too well, restoring old frescoes and paintings with such a vengeance that all the old disappears and they are the same as modern paintings!

The pigeons in the square must have multiplied famously since I was here or else my memory proves me false, for I never remember there being so many as there are now and they are being fed all the time by tourists should think some would die of apoplexy!! It is a pretty sight, but we found there might be drawbacks, when, while we sat on the steps in front of the door a pigeon flew over and left his marks on Mrs. Clark's coat!

Think how favored we were in the time of our arrival, Thursday was the last day the figures on the Clock Tower in the square appeared for a year; every year for one week beginning with Ascension Day, they appear Last week Thursday was Ascension Day. When we returned from a trip to Torcello and Burano, we waited in the square having learned it would be the last time, + at seven our came four figures representing angels and kings and as they passed the Madonna they raised their hands and bowed then slowly moved along round to another down where they disappeared; almost more interesting are the bronze figures above on either side of the bell who strike the hours with a hammer, they are very life-like.

We shall probably stay here till a week from next Monday, nearly two weeks lacking one day as we came on Tuesday.

Thursday we went to the Burano lace factory that is patronized by Queen Margherita and which she has been a leading spirit in developing. It is so striking to find in every village however small, its cathedral with its [^public] square and "caffé" where every evening all the villagers congregate; I was shocked as we walked thro' the narrow lanes leading to the factory and part of the time along the canal which runs thro' the village to see how small the girls were who say in the doorways making the lace, but found when we went into the factory that those

who do the real work are much older; the younger ones take it up merely I suppose to gain a facility in handling the needle or to gain sympathy which they hope will express itself in the shape of soldi! for they all know how to beg if they do not do it. . They are not allowed to do so and we saw two soldiers order a woman away who stood at the entrance to the factory in hopes of getting something from the visitors. Just think of there being over two hundred girls employed in making the lace; they sat in low chairs with their work around a large cushion round and perhaps a foot long, and it was amazing to see the quickness with which they worked. They are obliged to wear long white aprons with high bibs and white sleeves to keep their work perfectly clean, and I was pleased to see how clean their hands were and [^in] many cases the nails as well.

The queen is doing ever more for them than enabling them to earn a comfortable livelihood she is teaching them to be cleaner Many of them had extremely pretty faces. They say it does not hurt their eyes to make this lace which is comforting to know; they receive one franc a day for their labor and can live well on that and help support their parents living is so cheap here! The patterns were simply beautiful, but lace was not for us; we priced two patterns which were \$20 per yard! Miriam Niles bought some, which she showed us when we were out there; said she should keep it as an heirloom; we knew from the way she spoke it was expensive.

Will you please save all the steps on my letters for Alden, & must close with love to all
daughter Anna

P.S. We had a thunder shower yesterday and have had thunder today tho it is quite cool am glad for the coolness, was pretty warm Monday and Tuesday
Much love to Grace, Read my letters to her or let her read them. Tell her I think of her often.
a.p.v.

[[letter 5: On plain white paper. Written in black ink.]]

Venice, May 18th. 1907
Saturday—

Dear Mother,

Our mail was delayed reaching us in Venice, as Mrs. Clark who sent the postal to London forgot [^to mention] the name of the city [^it was to be forwarded to]; we were doubly glad to get it this A.M. when your letter came, and other from Sadie and Josephine. Will try to get the book when in London, was glad to learn you had called upon Mary Williams Kidder, Am sorry your neck still troubles you think the massage treatment would be good for it and am glad you are going to try it, though still think that a tonic in medicine form would be better yet as it would help the whole system; if you do receive benefit from it, do go to Dr. Carvill How very fortunate Leslie is to have such fine people about her it makes such a pleasant atmosphere.

It seems funny enough to have you write that you will send me Frances' address, when we have been together for ten days and parted last Sunday! She had not decided where she should go from there but contemplated going to some summer place as it was getting so warm there.

Am very glad Louise is feeling better and hope she will continue to do so, shall try to send her postal soon but there is so little time for looking over postals and deciding to which person to send certain ones, shall do it all in one fell swoop someday. Has my package to Mary reached her? I sent them from Rome, hope they have not gone astray.

And now for a continuation of the account of our trip, think I spoke of the singular leaning towers in Bologna, and which I do not remember to have seen in any picture, there are two of them; close together in a square, one rather low and unfinished but leaning ten feet (said to have been built so purposely, but it was impossible to finish it) the other very tall and leaning only about four feet. We saw more old brick edifice there than any where else and that with sarcophagus monuments up on pillars gave a very unique look to the city. Of course we enjoyed Raphael's St. Cecilia very much, but was much surprised to learn that it was taken to Paris by Napoleon where it remained nearly twenty years, and was removed to canvas; which means I suppose it was a fresco originally which surprised me very much. At that time probably occurred its too free restoration. Mrs. Groves seemed to think the coloring was not what it was exactly [^originally] but of course we had come from seeing so many famous paintings in Florence and such a number of them that the showing in B— in comparison was small and meagre; the grace of expression and fine attitudes of the figure in Raphael's picture were still there; it seems a wonderful thing still to me and I enjoyed it all the more, with fewer pictures about.

Our way from Bologna to Venice was through a very different country very flat and low, with much water in swampy places, or dikes about the cultivated fields and quite a number of canals, along the larger rivers such as the ~~Reus~~ Ombrone, the Po and the Adige —

Must not forget to speak of the lovely fields of gorgeous poppies which we saw near Bologna — we have seen nothing of them before and only one or two [^fields] as we neared Venice & think they may be peculiar to that part of Italy, but shall look for them as we cross the country to Milan in hopes we may see more of them.

We reached Venice at an ideal time, at 7.15 and were gliding up the Grand Canal as the twilight waned; we had been forewarned that the city was very full, so considered ourselves fortunate to be able to stay at the second place we went to

Every thing seemed so quiet and peaceful excepting the swallows which are herein great numbers and filled the air with their shrill little cries as they circled up and down and across, over our heads.

We had a nice looking gondolier with a full grey beard who reminded me of a sailor on the Republic, who was on the deck most of the time and who was a very intelligent man, a Welshman by the name of Williams. We used to go to him after hearing all sorts of gossip to learn the real facts; he was usually right.

This gondolier did manage his boat so easily, we had a greater distance to come from the station than I thought it would be; it took us from a half to three quarters of an hour to get here; it is not on the Grand Canal where Mrs. Clark wanted to be, for the large hotels and more expensive pensions are there, so she had to content herself here which is very good.

Bologna was a much quieter place than I had imagined; will try to send a postal or two of the oddest things there and must leave an account of the rest of our trip till later as it is luncheon time and right after we take a steamer down to Burano and Torcello for the P.M.

With lots of love,
daughter Anna

[[letter 6: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Please pass enclosed pink slips to your mother.

Venice, May 22nd 1907.

Wednesday—

Dear Alden,

A[nnhi? Aunti?] was very glad to receive your nice letter, and intended writing you before now, but —

You must not think I have forgotten about the stamps; I went to see about them [^at] the same time Mrs. Clark went to get some for her boys — when we were in Rome — but the young lady in the store told me I had better get the stamps in each country as I came to it, as they would cost less — and now you want some used stamps as well — I am afraid I cannot get many from letters, but will send what I can, do you want me to buy used stamps and do you want them all sent right away as soon as I can get them or shall I get the used ones and send right away and the others as I come to the countries. I have bought a few Italian ones as you will see; in your first list you said three of a kind and that is what I got, not realizing in the second list you said one of a kind, but you can no doubt dispose of them, I will make you a present of them. Send word when your mother writes just how many you want of each kind. I will send back the stamps on my letter with some Mrs. Groves had given me. The landlady here was going to save some for me and will see if she has any today.

We leave here tomorrow (Monday May 27th for Verona and Milan, and shall be about a week at those places and in the Italian lakes, whence we leave for Switzerland

Today is like summer as it was yesterday, when we took a steamer to Chioggia about twenty miles from here, it took us two hours each way, on water calm as a millpond most of the way, as it is enclosed or protected from the Adriatic most [^of the] way by the banks of long narrow islands — these banks are the Lido

It was a lovely sight to see the many fishing boats with their bright colored sails, coming in and out of the harbor at Chioggia, which depends upon its fishing wholly for its living, and is very poor, One would hardly think so to glance at its one very wide street, with three or four large churches, and high storied buildings

In the street was a shaft near the landing with a [lion] upon it which shows it was some time subject to Venice in the long ago. The boy who went round with us was a very dirty but bright one, tho' he could speak but two or three English words, he made us understand by words, gestures, that he wanted to go to America, put his hand to his face, rubbing it to make us know that when he was grown and had a beard he should go there! Also threw himself into an attitude to let us know he had posed for some artist; and that in the nude.

The sails to the boats, were very odd looking, some like Turkish rugs + others like bed quilts, in such funny designs, while others were all of one colour. Most of them red, or red and yellow. As we left the wharf a large barge [manned?] by two men passed with tons of grass on it, this hung way down and some of it was in the later, on top was a one seated carriage!

On Friday we went to Padua for the day, and had a fine time in spite of its being pretty warm: the place is more unique than some here, because many travelers pass it by — a good thing for the place!

At one end of the town which now has some eighty thousand inhabitants, they have an immense piazza formerly a grassy dale now a shady promenade surrounded by a double series of eighty two statues of their illustrious men, this is an imposing place on account of its size as well as that of its trees which seemed like fine old trees of New England which had been allowed to grow naturally + gave a fine shade — not trimmed to look artificial as so many of the trees here do. The town lies on the Bacchiglioni which flows thro' it in several branches. Its crooked streets are generally flanked with low and narrow "Portici" or arcades; some of the many bridges date from the Roman period!

Two of its church are immense ones, with great domes which give a most imposing effect. but the gem of all is a little chapel called Madonna dell Arena in an oval garden which shows the outlines of an amphitheatre the walls of this are completely covered with the five Frescoes of Giotto of the history of Mary and of Christ; they are very beautiful indeed tho' some are much faded; others have been restored some. We were here about two hours studying them. Another treasure the town possesses is the oldest botanical garden in Europe, founded by the Republic of Veniceway back in 15 something! there is a palm called the Goethe palm since the author saw and wrote about it in 1787; it was planted in 1580. also a grove of exotic trees planted in 1760 including a hickory 117 feet high. I see you wanted me to keep the James town stamps to get you [othe] good ones with so [will? Wice?]. Mrs. Clark had some come on her letter with instructions to send back. Was delighted to find your letter with Mamma's note yesterday at the banker's was my only letter this week. Please give my love to Aunt Abbie, am glad she can come to see your father so often. And now I must close as I must write grandmother. My love to all, hoping to hear again before long

From your loving Aunt Anna

Do no the disappointed it I can not get you many stamps in exchange, I do not have much chance you see will do what I can.

Aunt A.

[[letter 7: on white Hotel Florence letterhead, with graphic of scene at top under name of hotel, showing hotel building on backdrop of mountains and beside a dock with boats on the water. Letterhead design in dark blue ink. Written in black ink.]]

29th May 1907.

Dear Mother,

This view is not all pretty as the actual one which I only wish you and Mary could see. We left Venice on Monday (27th) at 6:30 AM and reached here last evening just barely in time for dinner as the steamer was late.

We are all agreed that this is even lovelier than Venice for picturesqueness tho' latter has the strongest individuality of any place there is with its waterways and gondolas, and is unique, while there are many beautiful spots, equal to this, tho' I almost wonder where — Mrs. Groves wanted to know if Lake Lucerne was as lovely — I think it is but it seemed to me I never saw lovelier ~~than~~ views than on the lake yesterday, in the two hours sail from Como. The great charm of this lake is the narrowness which brings the mountains near that you seem surrounded, as it turns and winds and it seems as if there was no opening whatever ahead; then there are the many little towns and villages scattered along both shores so that one gets the human element. [Well] to go back, last week Friday we went to Padua for the day; it proved a most enjoyable one in spite of its being warm, and as we had from about 10.30 to 5 we saw a great deal. It is more charming, as it has been less affected by many travellers than most of the towns of Italy. Its architecture struck me as more distinctive, there being few of the high story buildings of five + six stories that one sees in Naple, Rome, Florence, Venice, + Milan, there being many of only three stories, and so the sky line was more broken; then the low arcades, gave it such an unusual look. It is twice the size it was when my book on Italy was written containing now 80,000 inhabitants + we [man?] such an interesting man in the library book store in the University building; he spoke English very well, and seemed glad to help the man who sold us some postals, he told me that he spoke French and German as easily as his own tongue, that he had been to England about fifteen years ago and knew Switzerland well; was much interested to learn that we came from America — asked me if he could get along with his English if he should go there sometime! I told him he could surely —

We made our start early that we might stop over at Verona for one or two hours and yet reach Milan before night. It was so warm at Verona we took a carriage and drove to the different places; it is a much larger place than Padua at least territorially and is so prettily situated, but the great charm of the place is the famous tombs of the [Scaligers], which are close to one of the old churches — they are much like those in Bologna but more elaborate by far; then there were several famous old buildings

We reached Milan at three where we stayed at the small hotel Pozzo, which was very satisfactory — all but the noise — Milan is like any modern city with its innumerable tram cars their gong striking continually and people hurrying as in any city — it seems less Italian than any other city we saw; there is a large Swiss and German contingent there, which makes itself felt.

After dinner, we went out to see the cathedral by moonlight but moon was rather late, so did not get up high enough to light it much, but when we saw it yesterday morning by broad daylight it was fine — the interior is the most imposing of any cathedral I've seen yet unless I except St. Paul without the walls in Rome. + being in the Gothic style and one of the highest in

existence, is more satisfying — the carving of the ceiling is wonderful and the fine colored windows are the largest in the world and the coloring indescribable. We made the most of our [five hours], going from the church to the Bre[r?]a gallery which has many fine pictures and the gem of all Raphael's "Sposaliss" or marriage of Mary + Joseph; on our way there, we passed the fine statue of Leonardo de Vinci just back of the immense Vittorio Emmanuel Galleria, for there we took the cars to the church connected with which is the [refectory] of an old monastery where the faded fresco of da Vinci's "Last Supper" is, then from there to the hotel for luncheon + left at 1.30 for train. When we reached Como after about a two hours ride, we had a great time getting a facchino to get our suitcases off, but I have learned not to worry as they [^cars] never start till every person and their belongings have been taken off, you would have been amused to have seen us walking thro' the streets meekly following our luggage which a facchino took on a hand truck to the wharf where we took the steamer — oh I must not forget to tell you now that we have had our pictures taken for the rogues' gallery + hope to think to put one in — these are for the travelling tickets in Switzerland if we decide to get [there] for a part of our trip — to resume — when we reached the steamer we had a long time to wait. We found the air grew cooler somewhat which was a [boon?]. We left Venice just in time, for last Saturday and Sunday it was summer heat and just about used us up —

It is now about six P.M. and I am going to take this out to mail before dinner; we expected to go to Lecco for the sail but the weather changed just before it was time to go, the water was rough and it looked as if it would rain, we go tomorrow that being our only chance as we leave here on Friday.

Was it not strange we should see Miss Emerson who came over with Mrs. Shearer (Alice [Boot]'s friend) on the boat just before we landed and she persuaded us to come where she and her uncle and aunt are; said they liked it the best of any place they had been + so do we — in its cleanliness reminds me of the Villa Dante + one has every comfort, an elevator, waiting room, + just think of having breakfast under the trees in front of the hotel! + no extra charge — then we had the best coffee I've had since I left home, honey _ such rolls and crescents! but must close with love. Was sorry not to have written Sunday, but I had to write Alden + the day was full, — will try to write about it, as it was an unusual day but there is so little time for writing. Mrs. Groves sends love

daughter Anna.

[[on other side of second page, underneath same letterhead print as start to first page of letter, an incomplete start to this same letter:]]

29th May 1907

Dear Mother,

Here we arrived yesterday (Tuesday May 28), having left Venice at a very early hour on MOnday, as we wanted to stop over to see a little of Verona, this was necessary if we wanted to arrive here before evening; we took the 7.20 A.M. train, rising at 5 and breakfasting at 6! And reaching here about 6.30 P.M.

[[letter 8: on thin white paper, in faded black ink for June 2nd part and darker black ink for June 6th part.]]

Paradiso, Lugano
Lake Lugano
Sunday, June 2nd. 1907.

Dear Mother,

Will either you or Mary let me know if the packages of postals have arrived safely— presume they have as Mrs. Groves has heard from John that hers have come.

We came here from Bellagio last Friday and leave tomorrow (Monday) for Lake Maggiore, where we stay one night, then start for [Zermatt?]. Were we not fortunate to have escaped coming yesterday, for it rained hard most of the day and looked as if today also might be stormy, but suddenly at about 4.30 it slowed, so that I went down into the town to buy some stockings, postals, + c —

The town is situated on a wide curving bay this being the southern end at the foot of Mt. San Salvatore from which there is a fine view, and which Mrs. Groves intended to go up as a friend of hers went when over here so today she has gone with the Shearers who followed us from Bellagio and are stopping at the nexthouse opposite. This lake is not considered as lovely as either of the others, but is very nearby so and this Tomorrow P.M. we shall see the Borromean islands in Lake Maggiore of which Isola Bella is one.

It has been somewhat cooler here than ever at B— and am glad for the added coolness. We were a little disappointed on our arrival here to find we did not see as much of the [sum? snow?] mts. as at Bellagio, but when the clouds cleared yesterday we found some rifts of snow on the higher ones!

The longer I stay here the lovelier the place seems, and we went over to the [^in darker ink](what will some day be) public garden or were supposed to go there but fortunately were carried beyond, went to the end of the line, then walked along a road by the lake with great cliffs on one side and such wild woods made me think of the fine Axenstrasse at or on Lake Lucerne and — we heard the nightingale! we have tried to hear it before and think we have but never felt sure before that it was really the nightingale, its song is like one of the thrushes, is a small brown bird, looks like a sparrow.

Monday A.M.

Shall have to close this soon as we leave, will you keep the stamps on the letters for Alden. Is it not sad about Warner Thorndike, Mrs. Groves heard from John last Thursday in Bellagio What was his mother thinking about to let him go without care,

All send love

Hastily

Anna —

I wrote Leslie yesterday.

Zermatt — Thursday — June 6th.

Instead of sending so short a letter, I mailed a postal, so will write of our travels since leaving Lugano on Monday; the boat was supposed to leave at eleven but was about half an hour late we had a pleasant sail thro' the southern and western arm of the lake crossing or passing under the St. Gotthard railway bridge with [lowered] funnel when we came to Ponte,

Trésa where we changed for a mountain tram railway with observation cars with carried us up on to hills, commanding fine views, the Tresa river was very pretty with its many winding and swift current and clear limpid water — is about the first satisfactory river we have seen; it forms the boundary between Italy and Switzerland. The cars took us to Luino on Maggiore in about an hour, there we again took a steamer for Stesa on the south western part of the lake — the sail was fine for the day was glorious, in spite a good cool breeze which sent both Mrs. Clark and Groves to the stern of the boat

Lake Maggiore is much larger than Como and Lugano is much smaller than latter. At first one thinks they do not like Maggiore as well as the other, but at the end of the sail one hardly knows which to give his heart to; at first we steered directly across the lake which took over half an hour to the first landing, and as we approached saw the views of two castles standing out in the water which beloged to Count Borromeo, one was occupied by five brothers back two or more hundred years ago, who were brigands and the terror of the neighborhood we reached Stresa, which lies at the entrance to a sort of bay at western end of the lake and commands a charming view of the Barrowmean Islands lying near it, at about four I think; we first went round this bay stopping at Pallanza, Bavena + c so saw the islands from all points, and touched at Isola Bella; must confess I was somewhat disappointed in its beauty but thought it looked more beautiful from our rooms from [^at] the little pension near the wharf where we stayed overnight.

There are three large islands I called Superior or Fisherman's island which smell, so one is glad to get away from it so says Baedecker! We let well enough alone then the famous Isola Bella with its ruined castle built by COunt Vitalino Barromeo (died 1690) + covered the barren rocked with gardens raised in artificial terraces (10 of them) one hundred feet above the lake + "filled with the wealth of Italian vegetation; lemon + orange trees, cedar, magnolias, cypresses, laurel, camellias + oleanders, but the grounds are disfigured shell grottoes fountains (dry) mosaics + statues of that tasteless period" I shall send a postal of the Duchess of Genoa and her daughter Queen Margherita — the former has a villa here where she stays several months during the year and her daughter joins her for a shorter time, a son has his villa in the back part of his mother's grounds.

The slopes of the lower mountains back of Stresa are dotted with the villas of the wealthy and aristocratic families of Italy, for we are on Italian soil there though Lugano is in Switzerland!

We went to the villa Pallavicino in the morning as we learned the grounds were open to the public and no admission!

From there we had a most charming vista of some of the snow mts. of the [Simplone] and discovered a quaint fountain with the coat of arms of this family — it represented two crown eagles in profile encircled by a large crown then below was something like this [sketch of three-by-three checkerboard square beneath a horizontal line crossed by three shorter vertical lines] the place has evidently been sold for it is being extensively altered.

We left Stresa, for Zermatt at 12.34 Tuesday, having found we could come way through without having to stop at either D'omodossola or Visp over night; this was again as it saved moving our suitcases two extra times. And that was the [banner] or [red] cross day so far, for we are mounted gradually among the mountains till we had not only them with their gloriously rich growth of woods, but from time to time the higher peaks with snow came into view and at their foot the grand river of Tosa, rushing, and curving again and again — at last we have seen a full

river not a stream about a fifth of the width of its bed. Wish I could get some picture of the scenes along there — lastly we were twenty minutes going thro' the [Simplon] tunnel. On the train was a most attractive young lady with father and mother who say just across the aisle from me — she made me think so much of Nella as she was a few years ago — fear I shall find much of it gone as to looks but hope the charming manner will still be in evidence. We talked some and she said they had been four months in Italy and were bound for [Lasanne], was it not strange that she should suggest some one there. She was much interested when I told her we thought of taking the abandonment tickets for a week or two; it is doubtful now if we do as we have here a pleasant gentleman and his wife from England, who do not advise it. They are Mr. + Mrs. King I think the name is and came up in same car with us for Visp where we changed for Zermatt. For the first time we had a 3rd class ticket and when the men began to smoke we began to regret having come that way — but as the windows were all open the smoke soon cleared — we will look out for that in future there it could not be helped as there was but one car for 1st and 2nd and one for 3rd class, on the ordinary roads it is different. The ascent to this place is very impressive and in several places the leeway between the rail and the edge of precipices seemed dangerously small — I sat on the outside part of the way so could look out and see but did not tell Mrs. Clark as she is very nervous about such railways — when she was out West with her husband a Pike's Peak she would not go to the top as she does not like to be high. Think how strange it seems to be glad to go back to warm clothing again, thought I should freeze Tuesday night it was so cold; we actually went to bed to get warm!

This is a most interesting place and I am enjoying the glorious views of the grand Matterhorn which we have here, but do not think as a whole the view here is as impressive as at Chamon[ying??] — there one has the sweep ~~at~~ of the Mt. Blanc range from the top to the bottom, with the fine Glacier des Bossons sweeping down its side, while here only a part of the Matterhorn can be seen on account of nearer mountains do not think we see as much snow from here. The village itself is not as pretty it seems to me either as Cha[monny?] — we thought we would get up here and have it delightfully quiet and restful instead of which opposite a long low building is in process of completion and the men begin work at about 5.45!

We are delighted to find that we can goto C— from here are Mr + Mrs King have just come from there.

The Visp river which we [spirt?] all the way up the valley is a grand river twisting and turning and rushing along in one place it forms a series of waterfalls which are very beautiful.

With love

Anna.

FOLDER: VINAL FAMILY / LETTERS / JUNE-JULY 1907

[[letter 1: on white Hôtels Schweizerhof Terminus Bellevue letterhead, with graphic of scene at top to the left of the name of hotel, showing 3 hotels building on backdrop of mountains.. Letterhead black ink. Letter written in black ink.]]

7th June 1907
Friday —

Dear Mary,

Just a short letter, to wish you a very happy birthday;

Was some what disappointed on Wednesday to find the letter you sent was not from yourself, but from Grace. Many thanks for the same did indeed seem good to hear a line from her, thought from the way she wrote, she was to stay in Southampton for a while, is that so? how very nice for her to have the entire change, it will do her so much good. There was also a letter from Sadie waiting for me when I reached here. Was glad to learn that mother was to go to Worcester for a visit. You must have been surprised to see Heber, how does Jostephine get along house keeping, hope she will learn to pass over the nonessentials, if not she will soon get used up. Was glad to learn that Mrs. C— had already benefitted from the change—

And now I will tell you about our trip yesterday up the [G]orner [G]rat, this is a rocky ridge rising from the plateau of the Riffleberg, a part of which can be seen from here, it took an hour and twenty minutes to go up, and after that was a fifteen minute walk to the top.

We had a fine day, because what few clouds there were kept moving, so that none of the important mts. Were covered long and the effect of light and shade was enhanced, Before us at our feet was the immense Gorner Glacier which is some three miles wide in places and is joined later [^by] six other glaciers. There were several large places in it a deep blue which looked just like water but we were told it was ice. A young lady who we met in Venice and who had left her party + was here along went up on the same train and she and I kept together most of the time, as she did not dare to go to the top + I went only part way, as I got out of breath + stopped part way.— I went out on some rocks so that I saw over onto the other side just as well as those to went to the top.

The Matterhorn was grand from there and was still some 4000 feet higher than [me/we], to the left of this was the Breithorn, the [Tirms?] (Castor + Pollux) Lyska[nson?], and Monte Rosa, all fine and dazzling with snow

There were many clouds about early in the A.M., which came down so far they hid most of the mountains + I thought it would be a rainy day but almost in a minute the weather cleared and some blue sky appeared and a fresh wind carried off the clouds largely. When they had cleared we found the clouds had left a fresh supply of snow, which sprinkled some of the lower mts. That before we entirely [foce?] from snow. The path we walked up above the railroad course was lined with snow up to and above our heads as we walked — of course this had been shovelled but you may imagine there must be quite a little to make such a pile.

You would go wild with delight Mary to see the gorgeous wild flowers there are here. The pastures in the valley are studded with the dandelions, buttercups + a bright deep pink flower — whether a wild orchid or not can not tell. The dandelions are the largest I ever saw and such a handsomer shade of yellow than ours almost an orange then some of the buttercups are double and look like the cow lily in shape, but just the same shade of yellow as the single ones —and the forgetmenots are a much deeper blue than ours, and are here in great profusion in places. we saw them all the way up the valley — there are many rushing little brooks and cascades which look so pretty but make the walking treacherous it is so damp in many places — there are nothing but paths zig-zagging along the sides of the mts. and after a while one feels as if one might be a goat _ walking along with the feet tipped down. A Mr. + Mrs. King of Sutton Eng — came up on the train with us + we saw quite a little of them as they were very nice. From him we learned that we could get thro' all right to Chamonix, as they had just come over the road, so we go there tomorrow (Saturday) [from?] over Sunday, then to Geneva for a day or two + then to Lausanne where [^we] shall be five days probably, when I shall see Nella — that suits me very well for shall see more of Nella than should otherwise — some people advised Mrs. Goves not to go there but to make Vevey her headquarters, but she intends to go there. - for there we shall visit, Berne Interlaker, the lakes, Lucerne + c — both Mrs. G. and Mrs. Clark want to go to Oberammergan from Munich. I do not care for it + may be glad by the time we are thro' with Switzerland to settle down some where and join them in Holland after they have been to Germany — Imagine the change to come from summer heat up here where it is 61 or 62! Have been sleeping under four blankets. Must close as I want to write a postal to little J — who has a birthday! + finish Mother's letter. Many happy returns of the day if this arrives for 16th. Sister Anna.

[[letter 2: on plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

Interlaken, Switzerland
Monday June 17th 1907.

Dear Mother;

It seems a long long time since I wrote, because we have been so much on the move — but it is, a week ago last Friday, since we left Zermatt, for Chamonix then Geneva, Lausanne, Berne and from last named place here; before I say anything about the trip, am going to tell you fully of my stay in Lausanne and two nice little visits with Nella + family.

We left Chamonix Monday P.M. and after a hot and extremely uncomfortable and tedious trip reached Geneva at about 6 P.M. stayed there two nights then left Wednesday 9.30 A.M. on boat for Lausanne, was hazy so could not see the mountains at all + after we had lunched and I had lain down for short rest, dressed and started for 16 Place St. Francois, where Nella lives, rang and found Nella was not at home. Had gone to Geneva for the day and neither Edward nor the babies were there! The maid informed me that they were up at Champ- Soleil for the summer at their father's clinic — well I told her I would wait a short time as she thought Nella would return by 6.30 sure and had waited a few moments, when in walked Uncle Enos! Of course I knew nothing of their being of here; came the 8th May, stayed 3 weeks in Paris and had been with Nella about a week — I was delighted to see some one as I learned all about the family — that Aunt Ema and En[a] had gone with Nella to engage some costumes as they (the two latter) were to dress in character for a charity fair to be held this week I think; that Edward opened his home up in the hills above Lausanne for children last January, and both his own had been there since the first of March, and had improved very much with the greater amount of sun and air that E— had had several patients from Egypt. Uncle Enos said it was quite a centre for Egyptians, + if any are ill they know of the place thro' Ed's having been at Alexandria —

I did not see Nella, but went up the next m^ore evening to dinner; had arranged with Uncle E — that I would go up to call in P.M. but while I was out Thursday A.M. Nella telephoned then sent telegram for me to come to luncheon that day — I found it on my return to the hotel at 12.30, so telephoned her right off and she wanted me to come to dinner that night, so I did — had to hurry to get ready as we went by train to Castle of Chillon that P.M. (despairing of having any weather suitable to go by boat) and go back at 6, but got up there before dinner was ready — saw Edward, who has grown better looking; has rather a distinguished look, Aunt Ema who looks pretty well seemed glad to see me, and Ena, but Nella was having her hair washed, so did not appear til just before we went out to dinner; she had done her hair up in an old fashioned way — look in the back and parted with a braid over the top of her head — her mother said she looked like her Aunt Anna and she made me think of Adine! She is stone but not as fleshy as I expected from Leonora's account and looks very well indeed I was interested to see that she did not wear the white fluttery things so much in vogue now, had on a purple gown rather simple in effect. Was sorry not to see more of Edward, but he was called out to go for a consultation at the home before he had finished his dinner. Nella has a much appetite than she used to have. We had a very pleasant evening, and Uncle Enos went down to see me on the funicular for the lower town of Ouchy where we stayed. Nella goes up once and twice a day to be with the babies and as I wanted to see them, I was to meet Uncle Enos the next A.M. in front of their house, when I reached there found Edouard also so had the pleasure of the company of both;

Nella had gone up earlier, and I found her in costume with large white apron on looking after the children. The baby Beatrice was wakeful early that morning with her teeth, so did not feel very well, but little Enos Paul was a darling little boy, with smiling face and merry twinkling eyes and such pretty curly hair, he is 2 ½ about. He made me think of Alden as he was as a baby, his little teeth project a little just as his did. He was a picture in a suit of green velvet with a lace collar at the neck.

They think little Beatrice is going to be quite a beauty and that she looks like her grandmother.

Nella took me all over the house which will accommodate about twenty five children, I should send you a circular but Aunt E— said she sent you one when she wrote — was delighted that she wrote you.

The house is as clean and sweet and dainty looking as possible with two or three bathrooms, which the wash cloths hung in a row each numbered and also the hooks for the towels and the little closets for the combs and brushes the hall in the centre has green walls + white paint with foliage of plants about It is so bright and cheery looking, some of the walls in the rooms are, blue and some pink and with white paint is as light as possible. Nella gave me several circulars which I shall try to distribute, as Edouard is desirous of co[mme?] to fill all the rooms. After the latter went, Nella dressed the children and took them but in the garden and wish you could have seen what she put on her head — it made me think of the fireman's hat Uncle Robert had with wide rim on front and side and long cape in the back! Only hers was a frame with the covering of po[nger] or linen I don't know which — was what she wore when they had the festival Leonora saw — was fine to shade the head and eyes. As I had to pack up my things for the two fifteen train I could not stay long, Nella was anxious that I come up to luncheon for she was going down to the station that I was to leave from, as she was going to the dentist's and her train left just before mine. I told her if I did not come she would know I felt too tired to have to hurry as I would have to get back — said she would see [^me] again any way — she wanted to meet Mrs. Goves and Mrs. Clark. So as I did not go back, Ena came down to say good bye — and who do you think I ran across there at the station? She was hurrying by and would not have seen me if I had not have stepped forward — it was Mrs. Gilmore she was amazed enough + seemed pleased wanted to stop + talk but had just t[ime] to get some luncheon before the train left — the one to Berne a 2.15 that we took. Nella had not come when she left me, but when she came back she saw both her and Ena — was it not strange? And tho' we went on the same train we have lost sight of one another but dare say we shall meet again, some where — She looked better than when she left home

Aunt Ema and Nella did not know of Fannie's being abroad and did not of course know that her friend had gone home or if they had known they had forgotten!

Must close to mail

With love,

daughter Anna.

[[letter 3: On Hotel Jura, Interlaken letterhead. Letterhead text in dark blue ink, letter written in black ink. Also in file is an envelope from Hotel Jura Interlaken, addressed to Mrs. Jarvis Brewster Keene of Watertown, MA, postmarked from Switzerland July 19 1907 and from Watertown July 1. Top right corner, where postage stamp would be, is torn out of envelope.]]

Interlaken, den

19th June 1907.

Wednesday—

Dear Sadie,

You do not know how glad I was to hear, that you had taken steps to give Leslie, control of her own — she will feel so much better toward us all. Do please write me everything you think of in connection with home, for there is no danger of its being a repetition, as Mary writes seldom, and mother tho' she does splendidly does not of course remember all the little things — Mattie had not written once! so you can see I do not get much news.

In regard to money matters, I had decided that I would like the additional money of \$250. Placed to my credit, if you and Jarvis can conveniently raise it, if not as much, place as much as you can or two hundred perhaps — I shall not spend it all, but according to expenses up to present should run too close to feel comfortable, and do not want to call upon Mrs. Groves for any tho' she said she should have enough — she might not.

Could you get it about the middle of July, if not convenient then August 1st. Would do, it is only to know there is something extra — and ask Brown Bros. to notify you immediately and to see that I am notified.

Had such a nice time with Nella, you will read about it, in my letter home this week. Thank you for the cutting's in regard to the D[un]ner baby and Julia Smith's son — is it not dreadful about Warner Thorndike, there is a letter from Mrs. Rumlett for Mrs Grove being held in London, because it was not properly addressed which will tell all the particulars and we are anxious for it to come

Excuse my writing but have just written Louise about a picture sent to Historical Soc. which she wrote to get instructions about and my hand is tired + pen is poor.

Then will you tell them at home, that I shall send articles from time to time to lessen the weight of my bag, + ask them to put things away for safe keeping — tell Mary this please, not mother.

Josephine has been a dear to write me so often, found one at Lausanne waiting for me. Alden must look strange enough in long trousers Will you try to remember to ask him about his stamps, if he wants the unused ones from each country as I get to it? he does not seem to write himself! Of course they will be higher if I get them outside the country they are of.

Did you go to Judge Wentworth in regard to m[att]er, suppose of course you had to do so.

Suppose mother went to visit Leonora. How does J— enjoy housekeeping — hope she will learn some points of E[cc?]a.

My kindest regards to Jarvis, tell him to try and get rid of some of the irons in his fire, it is foolish to have so much on had, and he ought to take things fairly easy now — ought to begin right-away!

I do hope Maggie changed her mind about going, why don't you accommodate her and go away for the summer if that's the only thing to keep her?

Lovingly Anna.

P.S. Mrs Groves + Mrs Clark have gone for the day to Meiringen to see the place and a gorge — I have stayed at the hotel for a chance to do some necessary things + rest. I forgot all about the pansy pendant in Geneva; was only reminded of it when I saw some pins here last night — Shall get one for fear I may not find any more. A.

[[letter 3: On Hotel Jura, Interlaken letterhead. Letterhead text in dark blue ink, letter written in black ink. Where letterhead says Interlaken at top, crossed out with Lucerne written above it instead.]]

[^Lucerne] *Interlaken*, den 21st of June 1907.
Friday.

Dearest Mother: —

To use a miner's expression I "struck it rich" upon arriving here, for to my amazement there we no fewer than five letters for me, yours from Worcester, one from Sadie, Alden, Josephine, and lastly one from Mrs. Gilmore:

In my last letter I told you of meeting her for a moment at Lausanne just as we were to leave for Bern; she tells me she only stayed three hours in Bern, then back to Lausanne to see Aunt Ema for an hour or so, took dessert with them; said it tasted so good for it was the first time she had sat at a private table since leaving home; was disgusted with herself she said to think she went to get something to eat instead of staying with me and learning our plans; she learned thro' Uncle Enos that I was intending to rest for a while and wrote to say that what just what she wanted to do, and couldn't we meet somewhere and rest together. I fear that will be impossible, as she would want to stay longer than I and besides she is not travelling as economically as we are; her letter was from the Grand Hotel Metropole, Interlaken. My plan is to stay here for the two weeks that Mrs. Groves and Mrs. Clark are travelling thro' Germany and meet them at Heidelberg — feel a little tired, and should be glad to see more of this lovely place, wish you were here to take the short charming trips upon the water, with me I am sorry to miss Nuremberg — Munich I care little about — Mrs. G.— has decided to go also to Dresden and Berlin thus adding much railroad travelling, hope Mrs. C— will not be used up she cannot stand what Mrs. G. can, and the latter's idea seems to be to see just as many places as she can, thinks she may never come over again and so wants to make the most of her opportunity. When we first landed she tho't she never should want to come again, but as she has seen the many interesting places has changed her mind. I had a letter from Louise in regard to a picture which Mr. Hubbard the [fu]rrier had sent the Historical Society, so I had to write her about that. And Sadie about some business, last Wednesday which prevented my writing home.

Will try to write something of our doing since leaving Zermatt to send in this letter, as I hope to write quite a little either tomorrow or Sunday. [^Private] Dear Mother you do not know how delighted I am that the papers are signed that give Leslie the control of her own property — the first I knew of it, was Sadie's mentioning that you had made a move in that direction — and it must be such a relief to you; do not worry if she is not ready at once to return home, she will feel better about it, after a while. What did I understand from Sadie's letter, that the party who runs the house and 34 Rutland Square is to give up? I hope not, for the sake of all, tho' they might get some one as good — rather unlikely however. [[a single vertical line runs along the left margin of this paragraph, from line starting "or Sunday" to line ending "What did I under-"]]

We have just a lovely location here, up on the hill, overlooking the burial ground with the church and its two slender spires in front and farther on the town and in the background, the fine Pilatus, if I can get this view will send it.

Am so very sorry you had no better weather, while in Worcester, so that you were unable to take the trips about — what a cold disagreeable spring you have had — we have

[^had] a great deal of such beautiful weather and when we most needed it — in the Italian Lakes, at Zermatt and Chamonix — if you could have been with us, but you could not have kept pace with us I'm afraid.

I know it was a great treat to Samuel to pass a few

days with Mary, poor man he does not seem to get much comfort out of his money — it is a shame — he ought to have been married, then he would have had some one of the type of Leonard Day's wife who Josephine says is very free and easy in her manner and speech — calls every one honey even the maid! As you say it was strange for him to preside in father's place, perhaps it was something of a comfort to him.

And dear Aunt Lizzie, I have thought so many times of her coming to see me off — it was a great surprise. I must find time to write her and how is Aunt Marnie I must send them all some postals. John's letters to his mother just about kill us! he is so funny, writes just as he talks and explains things so fully to his mother — in his letter yesterday he wrote that he was still at the Sabine farm! so much for imagination! Do not mention anything I may say about his letters, to him, but we do have such a good time over them, they are so breezy — He was quite distressed over having to pay duty on some photographs. If I buy any more I shall bring them home myself and thus evade the custom officer.

Did you know that Sadie had to pay .35 on the photograph of the temple at Paestum? but wasn't it nice that it arrived in time for Sadie to give it to Alden for a graduation present; there was a spot on it so Sadie said. I looked at several and they were all alike, the young man said it was the shading of a cloud, but S— didn't seem to think so. You will save the stamps for Alden will you not, just think of him in long trousers, I do not like it. As I told you I did not write from Interlaken, but send this on some of the stationary as the landlady gave me several sheets and the pictured envelope is quite attractive. Think of Mrs. Gilmore being right there near where we were she looked for me, but that Sunday, we, Mrs. Groves and I, went up the Weng[^e]rnalp railway, where we had fine view of the glaciers to the Jungfran — but I forget I sent you a postal from there, then Monday we went by steamer to [Thum?] expecting to get back to luncheon, but could not till middle of P.M. Tuesday put in for repairs, sadly needed, and Wednesday I wrote the two letters I spoke of in A.M. did a little shopping, bought a pansy pin for little Josephine which she particularly wanted + which I had forgotten about; was recalled to my memory by my seeing some in a window. Mrs. Clark and I gave one to Mrs. Groves for her birthday yesterday. I mailed Miss Fox's books home to her and hope they will arrive in perfect condition; got them to do them up for me in a store where I bought some postals. I wish you could have seen how finely they were done — exposed at both ends so as to show they were books to save having them undone; also took in a circular of the Vllla Dante to a young man in employ of Hamburg American who was at our table for several days and who was very glad of it — and I gave him one of the circulars of Edward Ceresole's home for sick children. I told him it was not in his line exactly but I knew people in his position had all sorts of questions asked them + if he had it it might be of use! quite a stroke of brilliance was it not? He was very nice said he would be glad to recommend it, Nella gave me several saying perhaps I might dispose of them. This young man by the way interested us so much, for he seemed to have travelled a great deal, he spoke very good English, was in California three years and in London about the same time. He is from the Hague in Holland; seemed of refined taste and had excellent table manners, more than can be said [[text now wraps up the left margin of the page]] of the Germans, who have such big

mouths some of them. He could not sound his “th’s” and said sink for think! With love daughter
Anna —

[[letter 4: On plain white paper, written in black ink.]]

Lucerne
Wednesday, June 26th

Dear Mother:

There was so much else to write about in the last two letters, I could not proceed with a description of our wanderings but will now proceed to do so.

Zermatt and the fine valley of the Visp was the last I mentioned, we left there early on the and reached Chamonix in the P.M. we were favored in having a fine day, there were quite a number came away at the same time — A delightful Scotch gentleman evidently a minister who was with two younger men — one of them his son in law; he said he had done much climbing formerly, but was going to let his friends do that, as he had not been well, and was to be on his good behavior; it was his mission to instruct and he had led us into the intricacies of an instrument he called an aneroid, which not only marked whether it was to be pleasant or not, but measured distances going up mountains. Then there was a Mr. Denis from New Orleans +his wife; he was of charming manners, a real southern gentleman, and we saw much of them in Chamonix — well to go back — we went down the valley again, seeing the fine [larches] at first, then other trees lower down and the lovely meadows here and there with such a gorgeous coloring to Visp [[here at the end of the line, a mark like a superscript forward slash: "/"]][[here at the start of the line, an encircled "2"]]] where we took the electric mountain railway, for the passes — the road does not go over the Tête Noi[re], as the diligence used to do, but over another pass the Tête de Monté, we just caught sight [[here at the end of the line, an encircled "2"]][[here at the start of the line, a mark like a superscript forward slash: "/"]]] we changed cars there for Martigny and enjoyed the sight of the wide Rhone valley and its rushing river, which is so destructive at times that every feetw feet there projected out into the river rock + granite foundations of several feet [^in length] to check the flow of the river — the mts. Were varied and interesting and it seemed good to see growths of woods here and there thro' the valley — growing tall or broad as the case might be, but at any rate growing naturally, no dwarfed by pruning

We left the cars at Martigny [[here, mid-line, an encircled "2"]]] of the Gorges d[er] Triège with several waterfalls, of which we saw one or two, framed in rocks and dark pines, as we slowly ascended the side of the mountain; it was very steep at times, and after an hour or more gained the highest point the Cold de Montet which is the watershed between the Rhone and the Arve, then we descended on the other side, till gradually we approached Le Chatelard, where we took the diligence for a drive of twelve miles I think to Argentières; it was most fortunate we had no more of a drive for as they were wholly unprepared for so many travellers we all had to get into one stage with only two horses; as there were fifteen certainly, we were not comfortably seated and made slow progress; driver had to walk the horses all the way practically at Argentières we took the electric train for Chamonix; this runs with very little noise thro' the valley — at Zermatt we met a Mr + Mrs. King of Sutton England whom we enjoyed much and he had just come from C— and it was thro' him Mrs. Groves found we could take the trip — which delighted her, as she had been told at Co[r? o?]k's that the pass was not open for the season; we have found Co[r/o]k deficient in giving correct information several times, so our faith in them

is slight. He stopped at the Beau - Site where I was before, and so as he liked it so much, we went there. It seemed more of a place as they have altered + improved it very much, and have laid out a fine garden (must have been done by a landscape gardener) for tho' not very large the groups of shrubs and bushes are so arranged as to provide several places in it that are very retired, and the slopes are managed in such a way as to make the garden seem larger than it really is — It has a high iron fence along the street which is solid part way up, and with a row of locusts and running vines is quite well screened for the street. Just opposite the large glass door opening into the dining room was an immense bed of pansies of all colors arranged in the form of half a circle, this was glorious and from the balcony overlooking it the perfume was very strong, but what pleased me more than anything else there was the delicious fragrance from a wealth of lilac blooms, on a perfect hedge of these bushes which not only extended the length of the back and on one side, but were scattered in groups in back part — there were many varieties, and I shall always associate them with Chamonix — also the profusion of ladies' delights we found growing there — Mrs. Clark called them Johnny Jumpups did you ever hear them called so? — We none of us felt equal to the trip to the M[er] de Glace as it is a hard one, tho' we would have gone, that is I should + Mrs. G., if we could have taken time to rest after it, but as we were to move on again on Monday (the Denis' went with a Mr Woodman and the two young ladies who were with him on Sunday — left about nine and got back about 6) we decided it was wiser not to try it.

It seemed so good to see the grand range of mountains all along the valley with Mont Blanc over topping them in high and the grand Glacier des Bossons sweeping down its side or looking as if it did. We were much disappointed not to reach it for we made the effort going down on the train to the foot, and expected to have about two hours in which to walk to and onto it, but found we had been misinformed as to trains and the one at noon we were to take back, did not begin to stop there till July 1st. We walked up there as fast as we could up hill in hopes to get a glimpse of the foot of it but had to return as we were afraid of losing the only train there was, as we were to take the 2.30 train for Geneva and would lose both if we lost either ten or fifteen minutes would have got us there but as we were to risk it there was nothing but for us to turn back. The forget me-nots grew round there, but did not see as many as in the Zermatt valley — they are larger and a deeper blue than with us. We left Mr + Mrs Denis behind us as they were going to stay several days they enjoyed it so much; just think they had been travelling as long as we I think and had not seen their trunk since they left the steamer tho' they expected to find it at Milan but it was not there, their next hope was to find it at Geneva; we have not run across them since; hope we will, they are such simple charming people; their name pronounced as the French would sound it; Mrs. D. is extremely fond of walking and wandering about the country.

Our trip to Geneva was most uncomfortable it was so warm, + our stay there was rather unsatisfactory, we had such indifferent accommodations, tho' in a good part of the city, so were glad to get away from it after two nights and a day; it was hazy most of the time while we were there so he had no view of the snow mts. At all, from Mr. Blanc bridge, we had no time for excursions, but Mrs Groves + Mrs. Clark did some shopping bought some shirt waists hand embroidered, We walked over to Rousseau's island, and saw his monument it is such a pretty little place with a few Lombardy poplars growing so tall among the other foliage.

The lake is beautiful indeed, but we really could not see of it at Geneva the morning we came away it was so hazy we could hardly seen the other shore; were fortunate in having the rain keep till the latter part of the P.M. but the state of the weather was such that it delayed my getting up to see Nella as I wrote you before, about our stay there in Lausanne I've given you a full account + of my running across Mrs. Gilmore; from there we went to Berne by 2.15 train + left our cases at the station that we might go any where we chose and take the cars but fates were against us for the porter of hotel Eiger was there + very insistent that we go there, so go we did; it was a fairly good place; we went out right away took in the cathedral + outside of the Rath haus.

The Münster is a fine late-Gothic edifice, with what seems an immensely high tower, which I was disappointed to find was modern (1890-4) it is imposing nevertheless, you feel almost as if it might come down at any moment + crush you, hope you will be able in the picture to see the fine open Balustrade which goes round the roof also the unusual outside spiral staircases on four corners of the tower. The sculptures of the Baptist on left + right + the Apostles; in the [window] arches are the Prophets + the Wise + Foolish Virgins see the views are they not funny? (I have looked my postals over + find I have no large picture of the Virgin will try to get them here, if I can for they are funny.) The interior of this church as of those of Geneva + Lausanne is imposing + dignified, such a relief to see plain walls with only an occasional decoration, not the tawdry flower + pictures of the Italian ones. The church yard was made into a Terrace with shady walks and a fine view; it rises abruptly above the [Aare] 110 feet. This river is very swift, and also picturesque as its sides are covered in many places with profuse foliage + surrounds the city on three sides, as latter runs int[o] it in long narrow peninsula.

The Rath haus was erected in 1406-16, + was restored in 1862—even here the hand of the restorer, whom Ruskin abhorred has been busy—it shows in the old fountain which have been regilded and repainted + so do not look old at all am glad I saw them before it was done... for there was no color to [paint?] on the Rath haus so it looks old just the same; has a fine flight of steps on the outside adorned with the arms of the Bernese districts, and lined up the steps inside the balustrade with foliage plants these + the colors in the coats of arms gave it a most festive appearance. We did not have time see the interior which has fine wood-carving + stained glass.

We went into the new Bu[ff]ndes haus or Federal Palace which consists of the central division where the two chambers of the legislative assemblies are and two wing for other business. It is a very fine building and quite imposing, is beautifully finished inside of course we had to go to see the bears there were two older ones and two young ones that were quite playful. They are interesting to watch if one does not too much on the wind ward side!

It was a singular sight to get into a car + see all the women with their clean white baskets going to market, there were over ten in one car.

Then another sight peculiar to Bern is the many bright red window cushions displayed at many windows, and they manage to have lots of plants in full flower at all the windows

I have said nothing about the Zeitglocken[turn] or old clock tower which formerly was the west gate of the town in its earliest times but now its central pointre [re] built in the 15 to 17 century and recently decorated (of course) with frescoes. On the side which shows here is a curious clock which proclaims the approach of each hour by the c[ooi]ng of a cock in top of relief

that is to the right of the under dial plate, in the centre is face (grotesque) of a man whose tongue runs out with each stroke of the clock while a troop of bears marches round a sitting figure just below it. We came very near mis[s]ing this sight which we were patiently waiting for on the other side, a woman kindly told me as I say in a doorway that I was on the wrong side!

Well I must stop writing for now as my hand is tired—will continue in my next.

Please tell Mary all the postals I address to her are not hers, I'm sending them along to get ride of the weight which is not inconsiderable when one has many of them + it will allow you to look at them as I describe the places if I can ever getting to sending them about the time my letters go!

Am glad you had a change and rest at Leonora's wish you might have had more fresh air. You have not said any thing about coming to England, do wish you could come,

Lovingly

daughter Anna.

[[letter 5: On plain white paper, written in black ink (except for added note at top of letter, in pencil).]]

[[in pencil at top, line breaks replicated:]]

Mrs Groves sent some photos for Mary to keep
for her + thought she would be [willing?] to pay
the duty. She will
s[ent??] later.

Lucerne,
Saturday June 29th

Dear Mother;

I tried to send some postals in letter on Wednesday but they made it overweight, so thought perhaps I had better send them in the package, with the others which I hope you [^will] get soon.

We arrived at Interlaken, on Saturday June 15th, just in time to start right off on Sunday A.M. for our trip up to Klein Scheidegg on the Wengern alp railway. I have written you home on the stationary of the Jura where we stayed, we were fortunate in meeting there a family from St. Louis by the name of Hill, a mother, two daughters one of whom belonged to the Women's Rest Tour for seven or eight years and a son of eighteen years, by getting our tickets as of their family, we were able to get them much cheaper which is an item with us of course. I did not want to go that day but we had to, and it was a very good day tho' not perfectly clear.

Mrs. Clark would not go, as she does enjoy going up into the air, and the trip over the pass between Martigny and Chamonix she found a bit trying.

Went up the lovely Lauter brunner valley, crossing the Lütschine, the valley is thickly wooded with great limestone cliffs towering overhead to the height of 1000 + 1500 feet, the village lies in a valley about ½ mile broad, into which the sun in July does not penetrate till 7 P.M. in summer and 11 in winter. The name means (Lauterbrunner) nothing but springs from the streams found there

We had a view of the Stanbbach (spray-brook) full, which descends from a rock some 980 feet high; most of the water has been changed to spray before it reaches the earth but for a short time only; from there we changed to the mr. railway and began ascending, with such lovely views down the valley; on the opposite side of the valley shows the cable up to Murren, we pass Wengen, then come to Wengern-Alp with a glorious view of the Jung frau "with her dazzling shroud of eternal snow" the proportions of the mt. are so gigantic the eye attempts to estimate them in vain + its distance (2 ½ miles) seems annihilated" Baedecker.

The train ascends with splendid views till we reach Kleine Scheidegg "This ridge affords a fine view of the Grindelwald valley to the north as far as the Great Scheidegg with the broad Wetterhorn on the right, with its rocky peaks and snowfields; on the south a splendid view of the Mönch, Eiger + Jung frau with the Silverhorn and Schneehorn (but more in profile than from the Wengern-Alp) Here people changed to the Jung frau rail way which carried them two or three stations nearer to the Eiger glacier, the Hills went, as they want their brother to get near enough to get on the glacier, as he had never seen one, but Mrs. G. + I decided to stay there as the

view was impressive enough of the glorious range. I think I wrote you from there, that we had seen and hear two or three snow avalanches, which are frequent in early summer, the serious ones when earth, rocks and so forth are dislodged comes in early spring and fall.. We had a long time there, in which to eat our luncheon, buy and write some postals, and I wandered round picking the pretty alpine flowers. I picked lots of gent[ians], like the one I will enclose (if only I think of it) I tried hard to find some yellow anemones but they eluded me; we saw them as we went up but could find none on top. Young Hill walked about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the glacier thro' new fallen snow and he found a lovely flower growing there that smelled just like heliotrope, his sister called it a wild heliotrope, + it did in fact look some what like the flower;

From there down the other side to G— did not take long, and while the others started to walk to the upper glacier (because the carriages were too expensive) two and a half hour's walk, I waited at a small pension as I could not find from any one how long the distance was, could only learn how long it took some one to walk it; I was wise for the others returned [^without] reaching the glacier; found it too long a walk.

Grindelwal[l]d is a most attractive good sized village of about 3500 people; was burned in 1892, almost rebuilt since then, and is a winter resort as well as summer; it looked so cheery and sunny with the bright sunshine covering every place; such a contrast to the Lauter brunner valley which seemed cool + shady. "Three gigantic mts. Bound the valley on the south Eiger [B? 13?] o[r? S?]to, Mettenberg 10193 ft + the three peaked Wetterhorn 12150 the characteristic feature of the landscape; between the latter + the Mettenberg descends the Upper Grindelwald gl. + between the Mettenberg + the Eiger the Lower G. Gl. These feed the Black Lutschine"; the latter glacier has greatly receded so that few visit it.

On Monday (the next day) the Hill family left, having been kept from the Wednesday before from a pleasant day trip to Jung frau; they were pleasant and we were sorry to have them go; they have been over here since last January—went to Naples and passed first weeks in Sicily. Said (Miss Louise did) that she had seen all she wanted of the English down there who wore their shabby evening finery all the time in the morning; [+?] they never looked neat and fresh then (at that time of day) —

As the day was fine of course we could not lose the opportunity, and sailed down the lake of T[hun] to the town of that name; it is such a lovely lake, quite rugged in aspect with the high mts. near Interlaken, but growing softer and milder in character as we proceed to the east it is 11 miles long + nearly 2 wide — at the other part of the lake are the Stockhorn and the Niesen back of Spieg (spietz) in the south shore which has a picturesque old chateau formerly of the Erlach family; this has been restored + surrounded with grounds. The view fr. Th[un] of the mts. Is magnificent; the Stockhorn, + Mise[n?], to left of the latter are the glittering snow fields of the Blumlisalp; on the right the Fründen horn, Dolden horn, Bal[m] horn Altels + Rinder horn gradually become visible (from left to right); in direction of Interlaken appear successively (from r. to l.), the Mittaghorn, Jung frau Mönch Eiger in foreground, + farther off the Schreckhorn + Wetterhorn.

I was surprised to find Thun such a quaint charming town "situated on the rapid" green aare $\frac{3}{4}$ mile below its efflux; a fitting postal to the beautiful Oberland. All the open spaces in the town command splendid views to the southeast of the sunny peaks of the Blu[rnlis?] alp and Doldenhorn with the Niesen in the foreground + Stockhorn chain to the left of it. Thun is the headquarters of the Swiss artillery with barracks + training grounds. On the other side of the

Aare, near the barracks is the Federal Station for cavalry remounts (600 horses). Above the town rises the bold square tower of the old Castle of Zähringen - Kyburg with its corner-turrets erected in 1182. Within the castle is the A[ru?]ts Schloss or residence of the Bernese bailiffs erected in 1429; it contains a small historical museum, in which we saw the father or grandfather of the bi-cycle, a cumbrous wooden affair, wheels + spokes of wood!

The old church also is high above the town with several long flights of steps descending; there are four or five different ones around the church and one has a wooden roof!

We had to get some luncheon as the concierge had misinformed us as to getting back in season for it at the hotel, and a very dainty one it was and we took it out on the sidewalk in true Continental style! Of course it was hardly a hearty one as it consisted of dainty cakes and something resembling doughnuts + coffee but it was satisfying for the time. That evening we sh[uttled?] up on the Höheweg, an avenue of fine old walnut trees and planes or sycamores, two of the postals will give you a slight idea of the size of some of them — they were the best I could get + all. Just beyond the odd styled house the trees begin and extend quite a distance toward the lake of Brienz to the upper [^bridge] over the Aare, this is lined with large hotels and tempting shops — just beyond that house also the open park or meadow from which one gets the glorious view in the card showing some of the village the common is beyond that + between it and the lower mts. we saw just the glow you see [^in that.] with the cattle grazing on the common.

The old church is a part of the old monastery which was built or founded in 1130 and suppressed in 1528 with fine old walnuts about it. The monastery with the Schloss added in 1750 is now occupied by the hospital + government offices; different parts of its old church are used are not used for the Anglican Presbyterian, French Protestant + Roman Catholic services — it is certainly put to good use [^is] it not? There was no view to be had of the monastery which I wanted but the view showing the old church + Schloss was the best I could do. Just as in Thun, we could get no picture of the old steps leading down into the town, they have postals of the new things but the old do not seem to appeal to them.

Wednesday Mrs. Groves and Clark went to the Meiringen for the day + to see the famous Gorge, while I wrote to Sadie, + Louise, did a few things such as going to bank to leave our address, buying postals + a little pansy pin for Josephine which I forgot in Geneva, + having Miss Fox's books done up at book store for me to send back; also bought a pansy pin for Mrs. Clark + I to give Mrs. Groves the next day, her birthday— we left Interlaken early the next A.M., June 20th Thursday, for Lucerne and had a comfortable journey which was an inexpensive one for the time it took, being only a little over a dollar; it is a fine lake (Brienx) tho' perhaps not as picturesque Thun; it is nearly 9 miles long + 2 broad and lies 20 feet higher than Thun; the Giessbach f[all] is remarkable in the large amount of water which flows from it; it f[orms] seven cascades in its descent from the mountain above, over the rocks + is framed in with dark green foliage Only the lowest fall can be seen from the steamer and we passed close by it; it seemed as if it would tear things to pieces it came with such force!

We reached Brienz where we took the train and were ascending the [Brening] Pass, the greenery was so fresh looking and we passed many charming brooks and some waterfalls. We saw the picturesque lake Lungern way below — half of the lake was drained into the Lake of Sarnen in 1836 by means of a channel $\frac{3}{4}$ miles long. Later we come to Sarner See the to Sarnen on a lofty eminence and finally reached Alpnach Dorf Its church with slender tower was

erected with the proceeds of the sale of timber from the Pilatus forests made accessible by a wooden slide 8 miles long + cut down in 1811-19; this lies near the foot of Pilatus, which looked rugged from this side, but not as much so as from the other or Lucerne side.

We are not having very pleasant weather, but hope for better soon. I read in the paper that our American Consul here is to give a banquet 4th of July for his compatriots which seems quite fine, suppose they will be mostly the fashionable people at the large hotels who will go. With much love, daughter Anna.

[[letter 6: On plain white paper, written in black ink.]]

Lucerne
the 4th of July —
Thursday —

Dear Mother;

This is a glorious A.M. after much cloudy and rainy weather tho' still cool — a Miss Simpson has just told me that they had snow on one of the boulevards [^in Paris] day before yesterday, think of that, the first of July!

I think I wrote you that the American Concul here gives a banquet today and all Americans were invited to come — none of those here, as far as I know, are going to avail themselves of it, however, as most of those who will be there, are staying at the larger hotels here and are fashionable people, who would not be interested in us any more than we in them, besides we have not gowns that would be suitable. It is now 4.30 P.M. and in a few moments I go to have five o'clock tea with Miss Simpson, who kindly asked me once before — we went on a most enjoyable walk soon after break fast — up to a fine view point called the Drei linden hill it takes us about ten minutes from here up, up — we were repaid with a glorious view — the snow mts. Behind the [^lower] ones have received an extra coating of snow, which makes them more impressive, besides making them seem both higher and nearer, Palatus also had a little extra — some one saw a small amount on the Rigi, but it soon disappeared and it looks as green as usual. After resting and enjoying ourselves for some little time, we went down into the town and walked to the older part so I could show Miss Simpson the Weinmarket, and the fountain the fantastic houses with their funny paintings — one of them had a large tree of knowledge covered with apples + Eve with a serpents body in it, picking from them [^the fruit[s]]. Besides these were all sorts of curious designs in broad bands across the house or placed here and there; a curious assemblage.

I have tried to get the view from the window where I first was overlooking the town, but could not find that view; will send the best I can.

You will not be surprised to learn that I have stayed on here, while Mrs Groves and Mrs. Clark have gone thro' a part of Germany they were only here from Thursday till Monday June 24th. and it is such a lovely place I was very glad to stay one and become better acquainted with it; we went to the Drei Linden at first where we had a fine room, well and freshly furnished but three long flights from the street and as they had no other room, I left and came to the Set Schweizerhaus or Pension Anglaise where I was before when here; it is quite comfortable, with a pretty garden which is allowed to take care of itself — a relief from the excessively pruned + [trained/trimmed?] shrubs and bushes [^one sees in all grounds here]; but the house is not as well kept, every one says, since Mrs. Trüb her self gave up and her daughters took it [is] a scrimped table and rather inferior but many put up with it for the location + view.

The day after we came we went down to see the "lion" and the Glacier garden — I had forgotten how large the former was and looks so impressive surrounded by large trees and overhanging bushes with a dark pool at its base; and then into the "garden which is really wonderful, with so many of the potholes, with large and small stones, worn almost smooth from the action of the running water going over them; there are several larges rocks which show the

impression of small fish, and leaves of palm trees, they must represent different periods. They have one mill into which they turn water which sends the rocks turning round and round — is surprising that it can be done with so small a stream.

The next day, tho' there were some clouds, we decided to go to Flüelen, for they would only enhance the lovely effects of light and shade and we could see the beauty of the lake just as well as on a clear day, if not too thick; it proved an ideal day; It took all day, as Flüelen is at the other end of the lake,.. and when we reached the town, the sun came partially out, from there [on] a ride of about ten or fifteen minutes to the village of Altdorf where William Tell lived, I believe, and where they have put up a monument to him, as you will see from the cards. It was a surprise to find it such a large village, with some broad streets

We walked thro' some of the narrow ones, and into the cathedral which amazed us by being a large one, with some very good stained windows, and all as fresh almost as if it had just been completed! Even to the frames of the dark old paintings; in the large square is a quaint tower with some frescoes against which Tell's monument stands, on another side is the old Rathhans, with not much of interest inside, we did not go in.

The cathedral was off for another square, which was rather [slanting?], and had one or more steps to the upper part; one curious thing, was the covering over of a stream which ran thro' the village — there were [gratings] every now and then, which disclosed it, rapidly running and quite near the surface!

We bought some postals, then rode back to Flüelen where we waited for the steamer to start. There was one pretty thing happened in Altdorf; just as we were to take the tram, a body of men and women came walking thro' the square with flowers in their hats, and each one a small flag also stuck in the back; one man had a nose and leave hung on his ear! The men grouped themselves before the statue and began singing patriotic songs — it sounded fine and what a pretty thing to do, can you imagine any of our men doing such a thing as that? It take about two and one half to three hours from Flüelen to L.— accoridng to the stops made along the lake, which is such [^a] gloriously beautiful one. [^Upon leaving Lucerne] the steamer first stops at Wegg[i]o, then come Vitznau-Rigi where one takes the railway for the top, then on stopping at Buochs Beckeuriied + Gersau where we come to the last arm of the lake [^(called lake of Uri)], where the mts. grows grander as they come nearer and have more snow at the head of the bay stands flüelen about then miles away, first after stopping at Brunnen at the entrance, and the centre of the four forest cant[ors?], we come to the Rütli "the most sacred spot on the soil of Switzerland; here in a steep meadow surrounded by trees on Nov 7, 1307 [Walter] Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of [Schroyz] + Arnold Anderladen of Unterwalden recorded by faithful followers formed a league in the name of their cantons against the tyrranical rule of Austria. The Rütli is a national place of pilgrimage + is often thronged with visitors on fine Sundays; on the bank opposite rise the Fr[ousa]lpstock + the chain of the Rossstock thro' their base runs only the picturesque Axenstrasse with its galleries cut thro' solid rock, but the St. Gothard Railway of which we catch glimpses now + then". then next place of note is Tellsplatte with the famous Tell's Chapel containing fine mural paintings, this is the spot where the hero escaped from the boat in which Gessler was taking him to prison Every year the country people visit it in solemn procession. From there we have a fine view of Axenfluh on our left, the "sky-piercing" Urirothstock on our right + of the cone shaped Bristentock towering in front of us + behind Flüelen.

Many days I have been down into the town wandering thro' the quaint parts and one afternoon, took the road which the old wall crossed till I came abreast with it at the bank of the river, there is such a curious little figure of a man in his soldier's cloths it stands out quite prominently against the sky — then I went from street to street till I wandered into the Weinmarket, the fountain here with its statue of St. Maurice armed [sap]-à-pie is one of the finest old monumental fountains in Switzerland; very fine the mail-clad warriors in life-like attitudes in niches of the fine Gothic column; for there to the Kornmarkt where is the Old Rathans, contains a Gothic staircase + carved woodwork, on ground floor is a permanent exhibition of historical relics such as objects from the Swiss wars, two Turkish pe[n]nons? taken by the men of Lucerne at the battle of Lepanto, Duke Leopold's coat of mail from the battle of Sempach +c —

Then there are the two old bridges with wooden roofs — the Kapellbrücke built 1333 — this crosses the Reuss diagonally, a curious structure and being wholly of wood recalls the days when there was not a house of stone in the town.

That was about 400 years ago when Lucerne was called the "wooden stork's nest" There are over one hundred paintings in tri-angular places beneath the roof which record the brave deeds of the old Switzers + the sufferings of their patron saints Leodegar and Maurice; the Wasserturm or Water Tower is connected with this; many traced the name of the town from this, as they have supposed it to be light-house, but the local guide thinks this is an error, + says Lucerne is a corruption of "Ludgar" that also a corruption of Leodegar. The saint founded a convent here in 735.

The other old bridge was built about a hundred years after; also all wood and roofed; has a series paintings of the Dance of Death by Meglinger I always tho't them by Holbein. The nine towers and remnant of wall of the old town are called the Musegg, and give such a quaint look to it. We have had much cloudy and rainy weather — today is quite pleasant and warmer. You will by the time this reaches you know that I am on the way to Cologne, if not in Holland; I leave tomorrow (to day is Sunday July 7th.) for Heidelberg where Mrs. Goves + Mrs Clark will come a day or so later from Germany; hope they have had better weather. Had a line from latter + they were enjoying the sights. Must close now, I must write a letter to Alden also Mrs. Thorndike, have written seven or more postals to send off. With much love from

daughter Anna —

FOLDER: VINAL FAMILY / LETTERS / JULY - SEPT. 1907

[[letter 1: On Hotel Jura, Interlaken letterhead. Letterhead text in dark blue ink, letter written in black ink. Pre-printed header with location "Interlaken" crossed out to be replaced by Amsterdam location.]]

Pension Ond Leÿerhoven, 31 Tesselschade Straadt.
Amsterdam Holland.
July 14th. 1907.
Sunday evening.

Dear Mother: —

It is now after half past eight and we three are sitting [^in the large] room which the small one I occupy leads out of; writing our letters home. We have had a busy day, as we have been to the island of Marken, Volandam + Edam — a round trip we went today on account of its being Sunday, as the natives all wear their own costumes on that day — their best ones I mean which of course would be more attractive and perhaps brighter — we availed ourselves of the chance to go with other from the house, as we were wholly strange to the place having only come here last evening. We first took a small steamer down the harbour a short distance, where we changed to a steam train which took us thro' the village of Monnikendam — once noted so some one said for being the cleanest village in Holland — it has however lost that distinction now — a young man on the boat said the monks used to own the whole of this place but it has passed out of their possession — at this place we took another boat for the island of Marken, at which place we were greeted with a strange sight of the people all standing about at the wharf waiting the arrival of the boat; it was indeed a gay sight: the men in very full bloomers with waists belted down + great silver flat buttons over two inches in diameter on the belt about their waists + a large silver button to button the waist or jacket in the neck with a silver chain which hung in the button hole these were the men then the women + children, such wealth of color their shirts of some dark stuff pieced down with (unusually) light calico, these made very full then a bright waist generally red with a cherchief of some other red which did not blend! beads round their necks, white cotton caps on their heads and over those plaid bonnets made of calico of bright red plaid — these being made differently for boys + girls; but the children are being spoiled by so much attention + the giving of money, they were quite studied in manner + some were quite bold and forward Every thing had a "brushed up" air about, but we went through one house which was finely fitted up, with great platters standing round the wall two women stood [^up] one with a baby, to receive the people who came, the banks whe[re?] they sleep were on either side of the room, recesses in the wall all filled up with pillars, also a large sto[n]e of Delf[o/i] blue tiles — then there were quantities of cups, mugs + also some pewter ware and possibly silver; we bought some postals there of some of the scences to be seen. There are several little clumps of houses all over the island which are very distinct one from another and among which there is much rivalry; we walked to one or two of these + saw attractive silver things in the windows then again took boat, for

Voldandam, where the people are more natural not having been spoiled as yet by the tourist — the village did not [^have] such a dressed up look as that of Marken, but on the other hand did not seem quite as neat, perhaps out of sight it was just as much so — at any rate they represent a different type, they one those of Volandam and others of the two to be seen in Holland, and they are more pleasing, have a better cast of features; we stayed there for about two hours walking out upon the dyke which ~~are~~ is built way above the sea and on the other side are the tiny houses where the people live, some of them below the sea level. We were greatly interested to have a couple on the car we came back to the city on; they had been married legally at the court house that day (this is Monday I'm writing not having finished last night) and were to have the religious ceremony on Sunday next; we had such a good chance to study their dress the man's was funnier than hers with his woolen bloomer-like affairs so very full about the waist and seat with the two immense silver buttons on the belt, what looked like beads around his neck with necktie of bright calico tied loosely outside this and a yet looser affair of black silk band outside that — looked like a yoke; his trousers came down to his ankles + at that place were about the regular size of trousers. But I'm ahead of my story for from Voldendam we were towed along the canals to Eda[m] [in a] small house boat — one man pulled with a rope; another "pushed a pole against the boat to keep it from coming too near the shore; that was a sensation it was scorching hot while we waited for the boat to start as we were in the sun but a breeze went thro' the cabin when we started there were some twenty on board; it was such a quiet restful way of moving; Edam you know is famed for its cheeses, but as it was Sunday we could not see it being made. I've seen more cows, sheep and pigs, since coming here from Cologne last Saturday, than I've seen in all my life before! We got back to Amsterdam just barely in time for dinner at 6, having left on the 10.25 A.M. boat, so you see we had a busy day. And now I must go back and tell you of what we have seen and done since a week ago toda, when I left Lucerne — but first want to say that went to the bank this A.M. for mail and got a regular post office for mail — ten letters + three postals! to be sure that was for two weeks for I did not have anything forwarded from London after July 2 — forgot to send a second postal from Lucerne till was a little late, so one week's waited to come to Amsterdam with last weeks. The letters were from your dear self, Mary (who outdid herself), Abbi Hunt, + M[imi?] Jackson. Don't you think I did well? It took me nearly two hours to read them + the letters enclosed; from the latter gleaned much I did not know before. I do hope mother that you had some comfortably cool weather in New York — by this time you are home again — I enclose something which will interest you. Please ask Mary to keep them for me; you will at last wee Mrs Clark's likeness. Must send the rest of my letter later. We are having ideal comfortable weather tell Mary —
daughter Anna.

[[written perpendicular to letter text, up left margin of back side of letter until division (marked with forward slash), where text continues on right edge: These were taken by a friend of Mrs. C's + show the steamer, + several interesting views of myself — it is Mr Clark standing beside his wife — made me / think of Mrs. Staples.]]

[[written perpendicular to letter text, up left margin of front side of letter: Send pictures to Josephine after Sadie has seen them, but ask her to please send them back. Tuesday July 16th — I went off + forgot to mail this today, we have been to Haarlem, leave tomorrow for the Hague.]]

[[letter 2: On plain white paper, thin. Written in black ink.]]

The Hague Holland.
Thursday, July 18th. 1907.

Dear Mother:—

A week last Monday since I left Lucerne and yet I've written nothing of the trip and have seen so much shall find it hard work to recall; it was a long day's trip from there to Heidelberg from 10.50 A.M. till 6.25 P.M. with a two hour's wait at Carlsruhe; the country was interesting as we neared the edge of the Black Forest, as the hills and mts. were richly wooded, but it seemed strange enough not to see any snow as I had been doing for two weeks, but hope the image of the snow mts. will never fade from my mind it was such an experience! Of course I could not sit in the station those two hours, even tho' I knew not one word of German, so I went out, managed to buy a postal or postals of what is called the Scloss House there and by means of the picture got a policeman to show me the way to it; on the way passed the Federal building, called here in Holland the Stadt House forget the German word—which in its decoration showed the Germans love for more sober colors; it was a large imposing building of great length the central part was profusely decorated with small bay trees, ivy hanging from the balconies and quantities of petunias of a dark solid purple, so dark they looked almost black — it seemed as if they must have produced that variety by much crossing and cultivation. Carlsruhe is a much larger city than I had dreamed it was — every thing on a large scale, very wide streets and large buildings, Just walked round the spacious grounds in front of the Schloss such magnificent old trees.

After ten I went out in Heidelberg for a short walk, as it was cloudy and feared it might rain the next day, went on to the new bridge, where is a fine view of the town; while there saw a great freight steamer towing a long line of great barges up the river (which is the Neckar, quite a good sized one) it made me think of a bridge of boats, I counted and found there were five in single file and size more behind coupled in twos! The new A.M. I started ou right after breakfast for the famous castle, there is a funicular up to it which goes beyond to the top of the hill, I intended going up on it — but in some way missed the place, so walked up the steeped approach to it [^{on foot}] (there are besides that, two more gradual ascents) but at the same time the most shady one — thro' such beautiful woods, with great trees— they have several places where there are fine views of the grand old ruin — saw for the first [^{time}] such growth (luxuriant) of the English ivy, that under the trees where there was so little light the grass would not grow, the ivy took its place! The ruins are of much greater extent than appears from the pictures, I think, because the views are taken to take in the picturesque tower, and the walls beyond do not show — you know the French blew it up, parts of it, shattering the walls and throwing down into a great ravine a large part of a tower, all in one solid mass; what mischief they did not accomplish with gunpowder, was done with fire! but how fortunate that the castle was not demolished entirely, for it is even lovelier as it is than it would be if entire. We of course went down into the cellar to see the huge "T[ern? un?]" which held how many thousand gallons of wine? But I'm ahead of my story — for it was not this A.M. I went to see the "tun" but the next day when I went up again with Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Groves. I only walked round outside and looked to my hearts' content; as I looked over the terrace down the steep sides of the hill,

thought how differently things must have looked when the castle was built, with a moat on one side and perhaps all sides and no deep growth of woods all round the lower part of the hill, but entirely bare to [^enable thus to] see the approach of an enemy. In the P.M. I went to the bank to register so that Mrs. G. might know where I was, then went some where; have forgotten just where; was just finishing supper when was told there were some ladies to see me, proved to be Mrs. G and C. They had just finished their dinner: they had found just one room and as the woman would not hold it for them while they came to find me they had to take it; they seemed to have stood their two week's constant travelling very well. We took the funicular to the top of the hill and had such a pretty view of the town and river; from there walked down to the castle. We left about 3.30 for Mainz it rained quite hard as we went down to the station. We were detained in Mainz till the second day as it sprinkled and looked as if it were to be a rainy day the next A.M. so our proprietor very disinterestedly (?) suggested our going over to Wiesbaden to see the fine Kurhaus or Concert Hall, which was opened only last May by the Emperor himself; it is a very large and fine building elegantly fitted up and used by the men as a club, we bought tickets so could go all thro' it — was surprised to find Wiesbaden was so near only three or four miles — it is famous for its bath and boasts a hundred thousand people in the summer. We found it was not going to be pleasant enough for us to take the 11 A.M. boat — so decided to get our luncheon there and an excellent one it was for \$.50 cts, but we were obliged to buy or order some thing with to drink or else would be charged extra! The continental rule — they do so love to be drinking something + will spend lots of time over it! There is not much to see in Mainz, tho' we did go into the museum and saw some good pictures; enjoyed especially the room which had the memorials of Gutenberg the first printer who was born there. The next A.M. Friday we left on a 9 A.M. boat; it looked as if it would [fine?] a fine day but clouded towards noon + was not much better than the day before would have been, Mrs. Clark was much disappointed for she was so anxious to have the pleasantest conditions for the sail; it was pretty cool but we stayed out on deck till latter part of the afternoon, when we had to get under cover — we had quite a good many on board as we neared the Lorleii a youngman played the tune, which sounded very pretty; it was interesting to see so much business being done on the river we met steamer after steamer, towing three heavily laden barges carrying coal severally, this being heaped up in places, where the boat had been filled, showing what was in it. It took us till about 5 P.M. to reach Cologne [^(Friday)], where we had a very good little hotel that is the table was excellent and every thing seemed neat, and before we had our supper, I went over to see the cathedral, it is certainly very impressive, especially the outside, even more so than the Milan one because tho' not as large, it is more dignified in tone being simple but more massive; the spires seemed immensely high as they are — There has been a great improvement in the tearing down some old buildings near it, which gives a large square from the further side of which one gets a better idea of it size and a chance to see the top of its spires; then the inside tho' not perhaps quite equal to that of Milan as it seems a little narrow in comparison, is very fine and simple there is much fine glass that on the north side being old, but on the south side modern. One interesting feature was the bright red robes of the sacristans; who see that there is no moving about while a service is being held; a great improvement on most Catholic churches. Tell Mary, we saw the lovely picture of Königin Luise by Richter the original of her copy — it is a beautiful thing, we sat and looked at it for some time you remember I did not see it when here before so I was very glad to have time now. The Wa[el?]raf - Richaitz Museum where it is, is a

very fine style building. We left on Saturday, about 2.30 P.M. from Amsterdam. And how we did enjoy the homelike quiet landscape with mostly large pastures with water in the marrow ditches, and so much water, has thought of it since and have come to the conclusion that was why it was so restful. On account of the water, and I have seen more cattle, sheep and pigs [^since coming here] than in all my life before! And such immense cows as some of them were must be a finer stronger breed than ours even, some of the pigs were as large as small cows but those I do not like. Unfortunately, the sheep many of them are pretty dirty looking tho' they too are of unusual size, but my prize thing to tell you about is another sight which I do not think I told you about and that was the three storks I saw! actually two standing with some cattle; it did [^not] come to me for a minute what they were, as I was not expecting to see them but had been looking in vain for wind mills. — then the third one I saw alone, but that is all I have seen of them tho' have been on the look out ever since.

Told you about our trip to Marken and Volendam last Sunday, on Monday we went to the bankers for letters and told you of what my budget consisted, on Tuesday we went to Haarlem for the day, a three quarter's of an hour ride by electric to see the town and the famous painting of Fraus Hals the "joyful painter" as he was called, as you see there his best work he was the greatest [co courist?] of the Dutch school next to Rembrandt His pieces are mostly large ones called Corporation and Regent Pieces, representing the members of the different societies of St. George, St. Andrew or other societies (called Arque busiers) at banquets, some of his pictures having many figures; such cavalier-looking figures as some were with their laces + ruffles and long waving plumes — In the Groote Markt (Great) are [^1 [encircled]] the Groote Kerk (church) a very large one, with the curious feature of having low houses built round of good part of it close to its high walls; it has been completely restored lately, the organ built in 1735 was long thought the largest + most powerful in the world + even now is one of the largest Public recitals are held twice each week + we were fortunate enough to be able to hear it In front of church is statue of Coste[r/s] the alleged inventor of printing — the controversy as to whether he or Gutenberg was the real inventor has been decided in favor of the latter But it is certain that Haarlem was the first town in Holland to practice printing; 2[encircled] the old Town Hall where Hals' pictures are a quaint house, originally a palace of the Courts of Holland but remodelled in 1620 or '30; 3[encircled] ["Meat Market" — the quaintest brick + stone building in the country, perhaps even the entire Northern Renaissance; Haarlem is famous for its horticulture and we saw as we passed in the train great beds of color of hyacinths; in the spring there are all colors of tulips, crocuses, anemones, lilies + c — and field after field; (originally a hunting resort of the Counts) Wednesday we left for the Hague of S [?]Gravenhage (The Counts' Enclosure) as the Dutch call it. It is not as quaint a place as Amsterdam, being rather a modern place, but boasts more "broad + handsome streets + lofty + substantial houses than any other town in H— It is the Queen's place of residence and seat of government, yesterday we went over her palace, which seems quite simple in comparison with some of the places we have seen. She is away for the summer much to our regret so we shall not see her. There is one curious room in her palace — it is made of teak wood a light color and is carved all over, ceiling + walls + the floor is inlaid work of cedar-wood and ebony — took 38 workmen 6 yrs. To do the carving! There is an unique picture of her reviewing her troops at 18 yrs. Of age was presented to her by War department I think the guide said. Then we also went to the "House in the Wood" a mil + half out, where the

peace delegates assembled several years ago. The building where they met this year was that of the Knights' of Holland, which looks like a church.

And now I must close, as I want to mail this down town. We say good bye to Holland this P.M. have so much enjoyed it.

Lovingly

Saturday July 20th. 1907. daughter Anna.

[[letter 3: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 3.5" x 4.5" white envelope addressed to Mrs. Jarvis Brewster Keene / 12 Fayette Street / Watertown, Mass. / U.S. of North America, with "Via Cherbourg" written in bottom left corner of envelope and underlined.]]

Brussels
Pension Internationale [^Neef]
61 Rue Veydt

Dear Sadie: —

I hasten to set your mind at rest in regard to the letter of credit, which I received all right in Antwerp on Monday, when also came instructions from B.S. + Co. and your letter telling me that you had attended to it — am so much obliged to you and hope it did not bother you very much — I might have gotten along without it — and it looks now as if I would — but did not want to feel I could not get things I wanted for lack of funds.

I may bring home such gowns as you will not know me! if I can get a silk one made reasonably and satisfactorily in London — and find the time to give to it! — shall have one for it would less than at home — By the end of September I hope my old "duds" will have worn out — am sick and tired of them — my grey waist has come to mending under the arms so there is hopes.

Oh by the way will you when you write Josephine tell her that I have had to pay an extra ten! cents on two letters; ask you because you may write before I do + head her off — am delighted with all the enclosures but she ought to use a thinner envelope — they would then come all right no doubt; don't hurry to write on my account but tho't if you sent a check you might make this announcement.

I do not understand about Alden's stamps they must have reached him by now — I sent him the new Italian stamps from some where in Italy and the new [^Swiss] ones with some cancelled Italian and Swiss ones from Heidelberg — of course those (the latter) had not come when you write, but can't understand about the others — I do not think any of my letter from home or from you have gone astray so do not see why mine should.

I had a sad accident befall me last Saturday when I or we left The Hague for Antwerp — I came away + left my budget of letters of two weeks that I found waiting for me in Amsterdam (a large one of ten letters + three postals, my veil, sp[ort?] care + scissors in one of the wardrobes — have written for them + hope to get them! wasn't that a shame? among these letters were Grace's fine one, one from Frances Wilder, who is (or was when writing) on Lake Gard[a] where we intended going but could not as it was too early in the season; one from Annie Spavin yours, Josephine's, Alden's, J.V.C's, + the home letter. Did you get a letter from me from Interlaken with a postal of Grindelwald in it? I happen to remember that was the one I sent you.

This must be short as must write to mother; am so glad she has been in New York wish she might stay a long time if it would not be too much for J— am so sorry she could not have come over to England this summer that is if she would have come. What about Leslie's boarding-place — is some one running the same place? Am sorry Alden did not have good weather — at the White Mts., how strange it seems to think of him as old enough to go away

and room with an outsider. Yes you wrote me about Mr + Mrs. Barber's anniversary but do not know just where they had it — not but to Hattie's I hope. What a shame you didn't go why didn't you and Mary go + she go home with you?

Please some one send me Mrs. Crosby's bank I will see her if possible — have just read about it on one of your letters to mother

How does it happen that Mr. Pugh has anything to do with Leslie's affairs, was he the only one she could have receive the property from? This same letter answers the question I asked you about 34 Rutland Sq. Did not know Mrs. [Burn]stead knew Je[nnie?] Smith, hope latter is pretty well. Am glad you went to Mr. Baxter's reception; wish it hadn't come off just now. Has Maggie decided to stay hope so. What an experience was that of Elizabth Mason's, think her parents were rather careless where so you a child was concerned; it might have given her nervous [prostration?]. Do hope Mother had some comfortable days in N.Y. J writes Adelaide Day is threatened with p[t?]omaine poisoning, nervous prostration + several other things! How sad poor Mrs. Knapp's death was —must close with love to all as it is time to dress for dinner.

Sister Anna —

[[on separate half-sheet of paper:]]

P.S. Enclosed you will find sixteen Dutch stamps for Alden, ask him to let me know just as soon as the others reach him thro' you or Josephine if he does not feel like writing or cannot just send a postal.

You did just right about the photograph for I shall send no more, but bring them myself — they assured me at Alinari's in Florence that there would be no duty was the reason I sent them it hope you did not hurt it with any of the processes for I am convinced the spot was clouds as I looked at several which were just the same.

Mrs. Groves says your scrim towel has been of great use she uses sometimes for her best waist, but when she wears a low-necked night gown wears it round her neck thinks it may have saved her from pneumonia + other things. Tell J she shall have the picture which I enclose.

Sister Anna.

[[letter 4: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4.5" x 3" gray envelope addressed to Miss Mary Lowell Vinal / 9 Aldersey Street / Somerville, Mass. / U. S. of North America, with "Via Cherbourg" written in bottom left corner of envelope and underlined. Top right corner where stamp would be is torn out.]]

5, Rue des Pyramides
Paris
Sunday July 28th
1907.

Dear Mary: —

You will no doubt be glad to have these lines addressed though you have the benefit just as much of mother's letters. Have you heard of my misfortune in leaving behind me at the Hague ~~of~~ all of my last budget of letters with some other things, and as they had collected for two weeks at Amsterdam before I arrived there, was an unusually large one, all the home letters, one from Grace, Annie Spavin, Frances Wilder — latter was an unusually interesting one, she was at Riva ~~[of?]~~ Like Garda — did not say how long she expected to stay but judged for some time, as she was expecting a friend from America to join her there; she was enjoying the coolness there, as it seemed to me she stayed rather [late] in Florence

I hear thro' some letter that Mrs. Crosby is coming over — wish I could see her over here, perhaps I may, should like to see her letter, why did she write, you was she to sail for Boston and wrote so that you could go in to see her?

Grace's letter was just [^{as}] good as all her letters are, but was so sorry I had not gotten round to write first — tell her to read all my letters, be sure she sees them, and to read my love to her in between the lines — shall have to brace up some day, and write some of all I [??e} had a nice postal from M[imi] Jackson ~~of~~with a gay 4th of July flag on it.

And now to go back to where I left off in mother's last — can't think to save my life whether I wrote anything about The Hague but don't think I did.

We were there from Wednesday to Saturday July 20th and of course had much to do, shall get off some postals from here which will illustrate [^{not}] only our stay there and in Amsterdam, but last week in Belgium as well in its two leading cities Brussels + Antwerp. The Hague (or 'S Graven Hague) is just opposite to Amsterdam in that it is entirely modern with no quaint places; "no other town in Holland has so many broad + handsome streets, lofty + substantial houses + spacious + imposing squares" so says my beloved Baedec[he]s, and what impressed us even more than these things were the many streets with great overarching trees thro' their length — no city or place that I recall equals it in lovely shade, but the names! What a time we had trying to remember them, we were afraid to go out at first almost for fear we would get lost because we couldn't remember the places, but after seeing them a few times they did not see so impossible as at first; there was a canal on our street (or thro' I sh'd say) + every once in a while we would see the head + shoulders of a man pushing his barge along; we were in the newer part of the town and on the road which led to Scheveningen only about ten minutes ride on the train, must tell about our rooms there as they were different from any we have had yet as they were on the ground floor + we had a parlor + dining room in front, then a large inner

room back which Mrs. Clark + Mrs. G.—occupied, while my room was a smaller one evidently an addition, as the whole outer wall was of glass in order to give light to the middle room. I felt as if I slept in a conservatory; this effect was heightened by the garden which we could walk in + into [^which] great doors in my room opened. It seemed exactly like living in[??] lodgings as one hears of their doing in London, for it was quite a luxury in a way to have a sitting room, tho' we were somewhat limited in [viands] and paid more than at any other town with one or two exceptions. One thing I did enjoy, was having our coffee + things for it all put on a tray + the water heated over an alcohol lamp; we prepared it ourselves and I enjoyed extremely having some hot rath[er] weak coffee which I've been without almost since leaving home.

Of course we went out to the "house in the Woods" (Huis ten Bosch) where the first peace conference was held, we were showed all thro' the royal villa which was built by Princess Amalia in memory of her husband Prince Fred'k Henry of Orange — there were several Chinese and Japanese furnished rooms with some of the most elegant products of those countries I've ever seen — how you would have enjoyed it, especially an immense table covered with five groups of Chinese in inlaid marble or porphyry — + the embroideries! Walls + hangings of it; these were all gifts to this prince F.H. who was one of the earliest friends [^of] these people + they showed their appreciation in that way — Holland on the other hand showed much honor to the English nation through Motley the historian, by placing a fine portrait of him in this palace among the members of the royal house of Orange — from there we came back into the town + went through the Royal Palace, as the queen had gone to a Northern sea resort for the summer — her home seemed comparatively simple to some of the palaces we had seen in Italy — the Pitti Palace for instance which used to belong to some of the Medici — but then Wilhelmina and her people believe in simplicity to some extent; on the floors were carpets of home manufacture with longer nap and more loosely woven than carpets are usually we learned they were made in Holland and were called Daventer carpets, they had the ragged shaggy look of the cheaper Turkish rug — I admire her loyalty if not the carpets.

Directly in front of the palace is the fine statue of Prince Wm. 1st of Orange or Wm. the Silent — one sees his statue every where in Holland, as they do that of Vittorio Emanuele in Italy or of Garibaldi.

In the centre of the town is a sheet of water called the Vyver (fish pond) with a pretty wooded island and swans the water is kept in motion by artificial means, fresh water being pumped by a steam engine on the Dunes into the Vyver + the canals — the back of the Maurits h[ui?im?]s a palace is on this sheet of water — this contains the famous Picture gallery now where some of the Rembrandts, "School of Anatomy" Presentation in the Temple, Susanna, + c Paul Potter's famous Bull, Gerard Dou's — young Housekeeper or The Household, the three finest landscapes are those of Ruysdaels while there are many other fine ones

Rembrandt and Potter are the heroes, ten of the twelve by R. — are among the best specimens of his early manner.

The beginning of this gallery was made by the Princes of the house of Orange; in the first half of the 17th. cent. Fred. Henry (d. 1647) + his consort (who built the House in the Wood) ordered so many pictures from Dutch + Flemish masters they left no fewer than 250 words to be divided among their four daughters (1675) This collection was scattered and the real founder of the gallery was the Stadholder Wm. 5th (1748-1806) who collected about 200 pictures many of which are still in this gallery. The flight of the Prince of Orange in 1795 on the approach of

French troops was followed by the removal of the pictures to the Louvre. In 1815 a partial restitution was made but 68 works still remained in Paris, in 1817 the gallery had only 173 pictures, but King Wm. 1 zealously + rapidly increased the number There are now about 450 — 300 Dutch.

The old Hall of the Knights, resembling a chapel (there is a postal of it among the postals) is where the Peace Conference was held this year.

While in The Hague we went to Leyden one P.M. to save time, we took a guide who was at the station and took us to see many things we would not have seen by ourselves, to the Stadhuis or Town Hall with its double flights of steps going up from each side. The guide took us in to see where the marriages were performed, the participants having a first, second or third ceremony acc. to the amount paid — the chairs for the bride + groom in the 1st ceremony were embroidered with the royal arms I think with some at any rate, and was finely fitted up. In one of the rooms we saw two very old silver ink stands that have been in use since the old times. The interior is still as it was in the 15th century.

Of course we went to see the house where John Robinson lived + did as the inscription says tho' the present house was not built till 1683, + Robinson died in 1625. Our guide insisted however that the very room where he lived was inside the house, a door open right thro' the centre of the little house into the enclosure where a small wing [ha]ng back + where Robinson held his services, the guide said it was the same building standing now but had been altered some to accommodate some pensioners of the town — it is called a hofjes. these are groups of dwellings arranged around a court or yard + occupied as almshouses by aged persons. The number of benevolent institutions in Holland dating from earlier centuries is remarkably great.

The Church of St. Peter erected in 1315 is the largest one in Leyden + is where the tablet to the memory of John Robinson by many Americans, has been placed is the last resting place of many distinguished men

We got our luncheon in a patisserie of high grade bakery where they had all kinds of delicious cakes. It is astonishing how many there are of these shops every where thro' Europe — the people evidently do not make those things at all at home — but their da[in]ties seem to be mostly of the pastry kind — their cake is not as good flavor as what we get in a good bakery or confectioners.

You and Grace will be specially interested to know that I ran across an article in a last year's Cosmopolitan on poor girls marrying great wealth, which spoke of the two Reese girls of Watertown who married one a son of the noted Bigelow family of Boston + the other a young Mr Clapp who was still at Harvard that is when he was married! You remember how we used to speculate about them at Mr. Rice's + Grace talked with her I remember.

Mrs. War[n]icke, the German lady we met at Bethlehem last year has joined us; we found her here on our arrival Saturday and she is going to England with us + sails on the same steamer. It is much warmer here than it has been heretofore, but they say it has only been warm here for a day or so, that they have had delightfully cool weather; hope it will return.

Mrs. Clark, Groves and Warnicke go to the opera tonight — the play was one I did not think I cared to see, if they have some thing good next week Mrs. Groves wants to go again.

She had a letter from John in which he says he did not pass his examination at Harvard and feels dreadfully about it; his mother says she wants him to go this next just the same starting over again. Poor boy he has worked so hard it is too bad. Be sure + say nothing to any

one let it come from John himself or his mother. I forgot to say that Belle also wrote me + Annie Spavin.

Lovingly

Anna.

P.S. Am glad you and Leslie had such a nice visit with the Cr[umwelt?]s, mother sent the letter you wrote her from there. And how nice that Leslie's place has not been given up.

[[letter 5: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4.5" x 3" gray envelope addressed to Mrs. Quincy A. Vinal / 9 Aldersey Street / Somerville, Mass. / U. S. of North America, with "Via Cherbourg" written in bottom left corner of envelope and underlined. Top right corner where stamp would be is torn out.]]

Thursday —
Brussels
Pension Neef
61 Rue Veydt
(Ave. Louise)

Dear Mother: —

Shall only write a few lines today as I am late writing having had to get off a letter yesterday to Sadie telling her, that my letter of credit I received in Antwerp with my mail; had also to write B. S. + Co on same matter; write to Paris to engage room and also to the Hague where I left behind some things in one of the wardrobes! We are most comfortably located here the only out bring the fact we room outside so have to go out for our meals but we have good rooms tho' two flights up — our landlady is a most charming hostess and has an abundant and excellent table — the other night we had both asparagus and baked tomatoes for dinner and weren't they delicious — we have some asparagus but very little and that some time ago — but the latter article we have not seen before — will send the circular if it does not make the letter too heavy, but in case it should be for I want to send two or three postals, will quote a few words to show you what a refined nice home it must be for young people fortunate enough to come under her care. "The Misses Neef, officer's daughters receive in their refined and comfortable home, lady students who wish to follow courses at the Conservatoire or with Professors +c Miss Sophie C. Neef holding a Government diploma has taught for a long time in England, 4 years in the Duke of Northern [Ire]land's family, also in America where for seven years she formed part of the faculty of Vassar College the most famous ladies' college in the United States" so you see what an atmosphere there is about the house. Today I have been talking with a Miss Marsh from Philadelphia who is over for four months sent by her employer on account of her health. he is a capitalist who employs a lawyer, bookkeeper and her self as stenographer to attend to his business, as he has only [^\$]30,000,000.! She is a sweet girl and though I found she did not know Maude she know Mr. Ryder well! and tho' she did not know Bayard Morrison tho't she had heard of him thro' a Mr. Giuld who lives in Merchantville — latter used to be on Transcript but is now on the Ladies' Home Journal, he came from (or his wife rather) from Lynne + sends his children to Mass. some where to be educated. She found that Mrs Clark knew a Mr. Jefferson (?) Wiley who lives near her. Isn't it strange how things come about? Then another lady who comes from Kansas Mrs. C. + G. found knew the two bright young girls they travelled nearly all day with, 4th of July, going from Berlin to Dresden I think. I wonder if Mr Wiley was a connection of those we know.

We had an amusing incident at the breakfast which might have proved what young people a "bad break" for Mrs. Groves was [chilating] upon the boorishness of the German men in travelling, they having had an experience where a [^young] lady said a good word for them + Miss Neef said she met a charming family of Germans, and I fortunately told of the pleasant

man we travelled with the first time we were over here + who was so nice about the window to Aunt Mercy + who when she later offered him a peach — rubbed his hand up and down his stomach to show her he had no appetite; well when we got away from the table [the] young lady whispered to me that Miss Neef was a German extraction she knew it + winked to Mrs. Grove — just in time to stop her pretty free tongue, but just think what might have been said!

Thursday evening July 25th

Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Groves have been to the battlefield of Waterloo this P.M. I did not go but got Mrs. C — to bring two or three postals from there. The Kansas lady + her son a young boy went with them — there were steps (quite steep) up the outside of the lion and Jefferson went up, when he came down he said the birds had built nests [^in] the eyes and ears of the lion! There is a young man at Miss Neefs who is a Turk they say he uses such funny English. She remembers the Bowman girls who graduated from Vassar that we met at Bethlehem last year — , Miss Amy coached John in algebra so that he did very creditably in his examination. Must close as it is bed time shall take this out tonight. Lovingly your daughter

Anna.

[[letter 6: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4.5" x 3.5" gray envelope addressed to Mrs. Quincy A. Vinal / 9 Aldersey Street / Somerville, Mass. / U. S. of North America, with "Via Cherbourg" written in bottom left corner of envelope and underlined. Top right corner where stamp would be is cut out.]]

Paris, France.
5 Rue des Pyramides.
Sunday, August 4th, 1907.

Dear Mother: —

I had such a nice letter yesterday from Josephine, written July 22, said you left for home the next day; was delighted to find you stayed so long with her, wish you might have kept on — that is if it was comfortable there which I sincerely hope it was — we have been having a touch of warm weather for almost the first time since we left Italy — think of that.

Upon our arrival here last week Saturday a week ago yesterday, we found it rather muggy and that with the noise I was afraid might prove too much for some of us, but it came cooler again by Monday and remained so until yesterday when we found it pretty warm, but as we shall only be here till Wednesday — shall soon get away from it. We are very centrally located and from my window can see the end of the wing to the Louvre, and a bit of the garden beyond the square of the court of the Louvre and also on the other side of the street of the beginning of the [Tuileries garden, so you see we are very near to the greatest attraction in Paris!

We have been out several evenings after dinner to get the air; this it fine that we can go [^to] it for a few minutes: we however oftener sit out on the balcony from the parlor windows and watch the continual stream of cabs passing and repassing, we can see them way thro' the street between the two gardens, as they come along the bank of the Seine from the bridge or farther down the street; it is such a pretty sight and I never tire of watching them as they look with their slowly moving lights like a procession of glow worms, when they get nearer however the cracking of the whips and the noise of the horses' hoofs dispels this illusion, but I can fancy it always when I see them in the distance.

Imagine my surprise, on Thursday, when I came down to luncheon when Mrs Parmiter handed me a card with Mr. Grant's name upon it; he had just learned, thro' Mrs. Groves having put our names on the N.Y. Herald register, of our whereabouts, and came right off to see me — it seems he has been on the lookout for us for two or three weeks, hunting at several places for us, as he unfortunately had his pocket picked and pocket book taken, which had our address in it; it was too bad I did not see Mr. Grant for I was in my room, but Miss P. sent the mail up to Mrs. Clark's room and found they were out, and not knowing which was Miss Vinal, supposed one of them was the possessor of that name. But Mr. G. evidently enjoyed his care for he was here about a half hour + left word for us to call and see his wife on the next afternoon, which we did and found her a very bright pleasant woman, who was very easy in her temporary home, serving us to a delicious cup of tea and white fruit cake which almost melted in one's mouth it was so rich and fruity and moist!

We were disappointed in now seeing Mr. Grant but he had an engagement which would keep him till 6 o'clock, which we might have waited for, had not his wife offered, when she found Mrs. Groves had been looking for a gown, to take us a fine place near her where they have a constantly changing variety of handsome "model" gowns sent from the different dress makers' establishments — they are some of them just what the French call them simply ravishing they are so light and dainty and stylishly made — of course we jumped at the chance, as these gowns can be bought for a most reasonable price considering their style and material. Mrs. G— has just been haunting the place in hopes to get something for herself, but the waist measure to all was always too small for her — you know the proverbial French waist, her daughter also was unable to get anything ready made so had to have one made to order. We could not find what we wanted, they did not have a black silk among all their gowns not even a black and white one, everything was extremely light even the woolen suits Mrs Groves looked at were of very light cloth and made with white silk slipskirts, which would hardly be practical for her! But we are going to look some more for it would be a great advantage to buy something all made, then it would be part of our wardrobe and no chance to charge [^duty] upon it. We expect to see Mrs. Grant some evening with her husband for she said they would certainly see us again before we left. They hired an apartment of five rooms for the summer or since the middle of April when they reached here till Sept. 1 — said they had to be very careful of the least thing that there be no scratches for every thing was watched with eagle eye

She served the tea from the daintiest set of china with a small spray of roses on it + we asked if it went with the apartment, she said yes, but that she had not dared to use it except on special occasions for fear she might have something extortionate to pay, should a piece by any chance get broken! She is feeling the wear and tear of being in small quarters, for her daughter and two children have been with them, five people and only five rooms, she longed to get where she would be able to get away by herself — said it had been hard for the children that they had taken them out into the parks as much as possible. It was even noisier there than with us, for there were heavy wagons going by, and the street was paved, while ours is asphalt and one does not mind the noise much during the day. She, Mrs. Grant, expects to return with her daughter before Mr. Grant, as he has business which will keep him. They have been unfortunate this summer in having let their house in Cleveland to an undesirable party, whom they had to get out of the house, so she is anxious to get back to look after things. They were only one or two weeks in Italy said she quite envied us our long stay there.

And now I will write from where I left off in Mary's letter — we were sorry not to be able to go to Delft which was not far from The Hague, but simply could not, I got some pictures of it however which will come with the Dutch pictures I shall mail tomorrow probably. It was a short trip to Antwerp, which we reached between five and six I think, went to one place but could not get in, so went to the Fleur d'Or which both the W.R.J. and Baedecker spoke of as being primitive, we had enough of it before long and shortened our stay there by a day. It was close by the cathedral and we tho't it would be fine to hear the bell chime every hour and possibly every half hour, but we wearied of it the first night it seemed as if I heard it every time it struck thro' the night, which meant not twice an hour but eight times, four times for warning and twice, on the hour and half hour it played a time which lasted several minutes, we were so near, we heard the reverberation of the bells, which was very trying. But the beautiful tower which a king said looked like Mechlin lace, is beautiful indeed to look at — then Ruben's famous pictures are in

the church "Elevation of the Cross" and Descent from the Cross" also his "Assumption" said to have been painted in sixteen days + ranks as one of the best of his ten canvasses on this subject. Antwerp is one of the greatest seaports of Europe, serving German commerce as well as that of Belgium; population is almost wholly Flemish and I noticed a difference between its people and that of Brussels, the former are to be preferred — there is too much of a suggestion of the French in the latter; it was a very important + wealthy place in the Middle Ages Commerce, which luxury and revolution had banished from other Flemish towns, Bruges in particular, sought refuge here about the end of the 15th century, or under Charles the Fifth, emperor it was [^perhaps] the most prosperous and wealthy city on the continent surpassing Venice even! its decline came in the time of the Inquisition when many of the industrious Huguenots fled for safety to England.

We went on Monday (July 22) to Bruges (arr. Antwerp two days before) a distance of over 100 miles there and back, having a wait of about half an hour at Ghent (Sand in French); this was a long trip and [^but] we felt amply repaid for going as we saw the famous belfry of Bruges, besides so much else of great interest, "it has best preserved its Mediaeval characteristics of all the cities of Belgium and remains outwardly very much as it was in the 16th century." In the 14th. cent Bruges was the great commercial centre of Europe. Factories or privileged trading companies for seventeen different kingdoms settled here; twenty foreign ministers resided here + inhabitants of remote districts of which the very names were almost unknown visited the [renowned] city every year. Early in the 13th. cent. Became one of the great marts of the Hanseatic League + of the Eng. wool trade. Lombards + Venetians [con?]veyed [k/h?]ither of India + Italy + returned home with the manufactures of Eng. + Germany. In 1302 when Johanna of Navarre with her husband Phillippe le Bel of France visited B— + beheld the sumptuous costumes of the people she is said to have exclaimed, "I imagined myself alone to be the queen, but I see hundreds of people here, whose attire vies with my own." Bruges was long the residence of the Counts of Flanders; reached the height of its prosperity in 1st half of 15th. cent when the Duke of Burgundy held their court here. During this time a brilliant colony of artists was retained at B. in busy employment + their works still shed a lustre on the name of the city. The gradual [siltting] up of the harbor on the adjacent coast, however, began to undermine the prosperity of the town [tow]. The close of 15th. cent. + its fall hastened by the decline of the Hanseatic League + the rise of Antwerp. In 1505 the F[r?]uggers — the merchant princes of Ansgburg removed their office from B— to Antwerp + were soon followed by the Hanseatic factories. Finally the religious commotions of the latter half of the 16th. cent. Completed the commercial ruin of Bruges. Its population at one time 200,000 is now only 52,000 + of these 11,000 are said to be paupers. It has two of the finest old squares to be found I think. The first one comes to being the Grande Place with the Halles a large building erected in 13th. and 14th. cent. on one side with the huge belfry rising in the centre of the façade — this is 353 ft. high, its chimes are famous + we were fortunate enough to hear them, on another side are the new Government + Post + Telegraph buildings of a style to harmonize perfectly with the old square, tho't them old at first — then there is an old house which tradition says was occupied by Charles 2nd. Of England while living here in exile, [about] the middle of the 17th cent., the citizens conferred upon him a title of royalty by creating him, 'King of the Guild of Archers' in another house the people kept the German king Maximilian, the "last of the knights" prisoner for 12 days in 1488 on acct. of his refusal to concede guardianship of his son Philip, heir to crown

of the Netherlands to the king of France. The Pope threatened the[m?] with excommunication + the army was directed to march against the city, but Max. was not freed, until, in presence of the guilds + townspeople he had solemnly sworn to renounce his claim to guardianship of his son; the respect the liberties of Bruges; and to forget the affront he had rec'd. Later he was released from his oath by a congress of Princes convened at Malines by his father [??]ap. Fred'k 3rd. The other square is the Place du Bourg, with the Hotel de Ville "an elegant structure with six turrets, three in front + three back, begun in 1376. The 48 niches in principal facade between windows are filled with statues of the Counts of Flanders which replace those those destroyed by the French sans culottes in 1792 (restored in 1854-1871) These counts on their accession to the throne, used to show themselves to the people from the windows or balconies in front of this building + swear to maintain the privileges of the city." This is very rich in effect + suggests somewhat the hall in Brussels, then there adjoins this an old + richly decorated building, an old record office on the left — adjoining the Hôtel de Ville on the right is the church of Sr. Basile, called Chapelle of Saint-Sang (holy blood)

In Notre Dame is buried Charles the Bold (d. 1477) Duke of Burgundy + his daughter Mary (d. 1482) wife of Emp. Maximilian — the last scions of the House of Burgundy + of the native princes of the S. Netherlands

The Hospital of St. John which has existed since the 12th cent. + where the sick are attended by sisters of Charity. "It has a number of very fine pictures by Hans Mem[ling] which alone would amply repay a visit to Bruges" I spent quite a long time exa[min]ing these, while Mrs. Clark + Mrs Groves went into the churches. I shall have some pictures of these scenes + you can read the description of them later in the book.

On our way back to Antwerp, we had a short time to wait at Ghent, so went to the cathedral of St. Bavon which contains a very celebrated picture by Jan + Hubert Van Eyck, the most imposing work of the Flemish school. We just had time for a hasty look but was glad to have seen it.

It is now Monday P.M. and will just say that we had Mrs. Groves + I a very pleasant call from Mr. Grant + his wife — stayed till ten

You would have been much interested in the former's account of his friend the Count de Lavallette in whose factory he is exhibiting his new appliance for "autos" he thinks him very much of a man — and tho' very wealthy he is a very busy man — he has his factory here, one is Strasbourg + also New York, where Mr. G. became acquainted with him; he is 35 or 40 only — and has a large set of photos — from a trip he took for the government thro' New Zealand. He has entertained Mr. G. — also other French people have entertained Mr. G. —[???thro'?] him — he is impatient now to get home + see his father + mother; was sorry to learn thro' them that the 4 year old [shed?] of his son who was so dangerously last year + left Naples just as we reached it, is now very ill —

Think what a gay party I belong to, they Mrs. Groves, Clark + Warwicke went last week to the opera and they form some of a party of six who go again tonight — if it had been one of Wagner's or Gounods operas I should have gone, but it was the Huguenots by Meyerbeer + did not care much for it, so I shall get to bed early. It is so warm am glad I am not going. The seats last week were only \$.60 by were very uncomfortable were they best they could get; have better ones for tonight.

Lovingly daughter Anna.

[[letter 7: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4" x 3" white envelope addressed to Mrs. Quincy Adams Vinal / 9 Aldersey Street / Somerville, Mass. / U. S. of North America, with "Via Cherbourg" written in bottom left corner of envelope and underlined. Top right corner where stamp would be is torn out.]]

London, England,
Sunday, Aug 11th. 1907.

Dear Mother:

We reached here on Friday night, having passed two nights in Caterbury instead of one — we found a mail awaiting us. I a very nice one of four letters tell Mary hers was very enjoyable, though it contained much sad news, in giving that of the death of Mr. Arnold and the young Ethelridge girl — was greatly surprised at the latter's death, it must have been quite sudden but of course poor Mr. A.'s was to be expected. Then had a nice one from Sadie, Grace, and Aunt Molly and a pretty card with a blue bird and four leaved clovers on it from Alden

I do hope you are having comfortable weather now, we are having it delightfully comfortable. Expect to enjoy dear old London as much as before tho' it is so smutty and dirty. Mrs. Warnecke said it made her think of Germany; it was always been her dream to come to England and hope she will enjoy it thoroughly.

On Wednesday we took the 8.30 A.M. train from Paris for Calais, stopping for about three hours in Amiens, to see its wonderful cathedral, as we walked up town, we passed a fine square adorned with handsome beds of flowers and in the centre was a statue of "du Fresne du Cauge" or some such a name, he was evidently a literary man for he had a roll of parchment, or manuscript in his hand, I could not locate him, but Mrs. Warnecke said he was the man who loved Marie Antoinette and proved himself such a friend by standing by her in her time of trouble, was so interested to know Amiens had one noted man whose memory it revered and learned it had another, when I was given with my postals and excellent picture of Jules Verne! I had thought of him while in Paris and wished that I might go to his home — thought it was [^in] Rouen, wish we could have gone to his house which is kepy in his memory, but we had only time to go for the train — and the cathedral, was quite up to my expectations — is so large inside the cheap decorations of the altar does not impress one, or would not here if they were in existence, which fortunately they are not; the general color is a lovely soft grey — and the windows are curious in their patched appearance — evidently all of them had beautiful colored glass [^at one time], but it must have (much of it) broken and some destroyed for while the colored glass would be entire in some windows in others there would only a part remaining while in still other perhaps there would be five or six coloured sections in others only two; this I wondered if this destruction occurred during their last revolution; was surprised to find the towers no higher; the division in the main door to the front of the cathedral has the figure called "the good God of Amiens" on it. I forgot to say about the colored glass of this church in particular, that it is considered unusually fine as there is an unusual amount of pink glass of a lovely shade this was one of the most expensive colors in early times. This church was once of a large monastic foundation, for round back of the apse are good sized grounds with a palace or

large buildings in it and other buildings nearer the church. The country was such pretty framing country and tho' the sky was full of fluffy white clouds, regular Danbigny clouds — you know they say the clouds in Europe seem much lower down than with us —

Our trip across the channel to Dover took a little over an hour — it was quite long enough however as it was a pretty rough passage — there was a fresh breeze which had roughened the sea so that it came over the bow of the boat in spray and made everything so wet the first class passengers had to leave. Mrs. Clark was sic., but Mrs. Groves + Warnecke managed to avoid it, by peeping outside. I had to go into the cabin it was so damp outside, and another ten minutes would have finished me — felt as if I had been twisted into a knot! Imagine our surprise when reaching Canterbury to find the little town full of people from all over the county of Kent, come for the excitement of the year the week of cricket! And such a gala appearance as the little town presented to dear little streets the narrower ones festooned across with lanterns and flowers. We went to three or four places before we could get a room, large enough for us four at Baker's Temperance Hotel, which was such a dear quaint rambling building, will try to send the picture of it which they gave us, when we came away. We saw a few hop fields as we approached from Dover, and more of them on our way here. Was disappointed that we could not get a good view of the cathedral in the distance — that is the view from St. Martin's on the hill is not as good as is represented in the pictures; this is where Mrs. Van Rensselaer advises one to go — do you know that this St. Martin's is the oldest church in Europe — We celebrated by going to a cricket match in the P.M. Mrs. Groves tho' it a very slow game but she expected to see a game similar to our rough base ball — it is much more genteel and very pretty — but I must stop as it is bed time — I shall not write such long letters now mother dear, as I've still letters unanswered + the train is now so short shall be able to tell you some of the later happenings

Lovingly daughter Anna.

[[written perpendicular to letter text on front side of paper, in margins and other white space:]]
Mon. night (Aug 12). I found your letter about Miss Piels [bury??] on my return tonight. from a trip over some of the historic places here in London with Cook — went to the Tower, but will tell you of it all later — Do not on any account hand any of my letters to Miss Pillsbury or any one, if I want them to have anything will send direct. I will read the portion referring to this subject to Mrs. Groves Tell Mary I will not send her any more postals for her to have to bother about — am sorry she has had so much trouble. Thought you would like the places some where near the time we visited them — Lovingly Anna —

[[letter 8: On plain white paper. Written in black ink.]]

London, England.
16 Gordon St. Sunday
Aug 17. 1907.

Dear Mother: —

Most highly favored was I in receiving so many birthday letters, Mary Sadie + Grace writing beforehand, and your Mattie's + Josephine's coming one at a time on my birthday — the latter coming after dinner at 7 P.M.! Wasn't that nice? So much for having our mail redirected while we are here, otherwise I should have gotten them only when I went for mail.

You have of course understood from my last letter that under no consideration is Miss Pillsbury to have my letters — there is always some family news in them — but you need not put it quite so strongly to her just say I was unwilling to have my letters given to anyone, that if I can muster time and energy enough may write something for the paper, but its a tax, its been more than I could do to keep up with my debts to my friends and I shall not think of writing that till my scores in that direction are wiped out.

Was much surprised to get a nice letter from Aunt Moly, tell her I did not expect her to write for I know how tired she gets. If I can think to, will enclose Grace's letter — am delighted for her that she is to "seek pastures new" for the next year, she stayed two years too long at the Simon. Mattie enclosed a circular letter which her friend Mr. Parsons of Lexington wrote to the member of the App. club upon his trip over on the "Republic" I read the letter to MRs. Clark and Mrs. Groves, it was interesting but we were amused at this statement, "right in mid-ocean we had a pretty stiff storm for 36 hours, not enough to scare us but one of the finest experiences of the trip", for we had no storm whatever, either his imagination was vivid or some one had told him that yarn and he believed it. Strange as it may be, we have here in the house a Mrs. Evans with her young daughter who came over with us March 16th. but whom none of remembered her sitting on the other side of the boat from us and just back of us at the table, explains somewhat, and yet I do not see how I failed to see her enough to be able to recall her, she was with the Blaine's for some time in Rome — they sat opposite us at table + think I must have written you about little Miriam Blaine was was the best child that ever was the poor thing was seasick and she told her mother she was going home by land! when her mother reproved her for soiling her napkin with cranberry, she said nothing but later told her mother, she had a smaller fork at home, then her mother remembered that she her self found the forks hard to handle they were so large — imagine what it was for a little girl of four to use — and Mrs. B— said she felt reproved herself!

You will be interested to know that there are three young people here a Mrs. + Mrs. Morris from Portland or Salem Oregon and a Miss Paine from Medford who all know Kate Woods and Carrie, well and think everything of them The Morrises have been in Boston for three years, where Mr. M. has been studying; he has rec'd his Dr'o degree from Harvard — his specialty history, he is a very modest pleasant young man and Miss Paine is such a bright girl simple, but well informed and ready for everything; is a teacher, she belongs in some degree to the Paines of furniture fame, but does not know them much neither Mr. Shearer connected there

whose wife came over with Miss Emerson, whom Leslie may have seen at Smith and whose is a connection or Mrs. Clark's — she joined that Mr. Shearer's brother or cousin after she landed of Andover — and we have met them oftener than any one I think since we began our travels — Miss Emerson expects to go back on boat with us — Am so sorry I left some letters at the Hague with some other things (sent for them, but they had been destroyed) for among them was one for Frances Wilder, for Lake Garda which I wanted so much to send home; was a particularly good one, wonder if she knows about the Lancaster [eln??] perhaps I may be the one to break the news, for J— wrote Aunt Ema did not seem to know where she was.

Today Mrs. Clark and I went to service at Wesley's Chapel, due east from where we are— they still [^{use}] as they have always, used the liturgy or service of the Episcopal church, but that is all the rest is like any congregational service — I felt as if I had been to church and the visiting minister Rev. [Igir] Bert gave us an excellent sermon wh. one seldon gets in an Episcopal Church. I was small enough to seem home like — John Wesley is buried behind the Chapel also Charles, but their mother Savannah is buried opposite in the B[im/un] Hill Fields Burial Ground where so many nonconformists were buried and where Defoe Dr Watts, John Bunyan, three Cromwells +c—all lie — it has not been used as a cemetery for more than fifty years — have a good little booklet upon it which you will enjoy reading — Now mother you need not write every week now as I always hear from either Sadie or one of the children every week—Josephine + Alden have done splendidly. If you do not feel like writing, dont! Mary's last letter was fine, tell her — but tell her not to write. We shall be so busy, shall not mind if I have few letters, have [[here text wraps up margin vertically, then around margins of the front side of the letter to continue:]] had so many right along — Hope Josephine + He[be?] are having their well-earned rest. Am delighted that Leslie is to be with the girls what glorious time they will have. Mrs Groves has gone out to Butney to call on some friends of her fathers who came here to call upon her last Friday. x x x Dear mother if I do not have time to get myself something from you will get it later. Have so much to do, hardly know where to begin or [muk?] [some how]. Mrs Warnecke gave me a bottle of violet + Mrs. C + G. a silver thimble!

[[letter 9: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 6" x 4" gray envelope addressed to Miss Leslie J. Vinal / 34 Rutland Square / Boston, Massachusetts / U. S. of North America. Top right corner where stamp would be is torn out.]]

London, England
Monday Aug 19th 1907.

Dear Leslie: —

What a nice time you will have to be once more with Marion and Shirley and to see Mrs. Draper again. I do hope by this time that most of the gardening is done and Miss Abbie has time to be in the house more. Grace you know made her a long visit and she wrote how hard she was working, that some days she saw very little of her!

We have been one week here, and feel we have done so little for London is such a huge city. A week ago Saturday our first day, we ornately decorated; in the house of Peers the floor is almost covered with the bright red leather benches of the 550 members; they have no desks as our members of Congress do — in front of the throne where the Queen sat when she opened Parliament is the famous woolsack of the Lord Chancellor a kind of cushioned ottoman — but the most interesting place of all was Westminster Hall, which is reached from the other halls by a wide flight of steps; it is part of the ancient of the ancient Palace of Westminster founded by the Anglo-Saxon kings and occupied by by their successors till time of Henry eighth, this was built after the earlier one was burned; is one of the largest halls in the world, with a wooden ceiling unsupported by columns — this latter a masterpiece of timber architecture, both in point of beauty and constructive skill" now a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament is rich in its historical associations some of which are Ed[we?], 3 entertaining the captive kings David of Scotland + John of France; Charles I was condemned to death + later Cromwell wearing the royal purple lived with [ermin??] a golden sceptre in one hand + bible in the other was saluted, as Lored Protector. The acquittal of Warren Hastings after a 7 years' [time?]. The last public festival was at the coronation of George 4th. When the Kings champion in full armor rode into the hall + acc. To ancient custom threw his gauntlet on the floor challenging to mortal combat any one who might dispute the title of the sovereign.

From there we went into Westminster Abbey, but there were so many people there we did not stay long — the interior seemed very dark, and cheapened by so much sculpture.

Oxford — a week later

There was so much shopping for me to do, I did not get this letter finished + have not ever written my letter home for Sunday; have been woefully disappointed in London in this respect for I saved many things, for purchase there, as it was said to be so reasonable, but did not find it so — except in gloves, + hand embroidered work and these not as cheap as they used to be. The American tourists are said to have spoiled Paris — I know they have hurt Italy — and judge they are in a fair way to do the same for London, more's the pity, for it is such an interesting place in spite of its noise, which we found a little overpowering — the next day Mrs. Clark and I went out to Wesley's Chapel to service, had to take the underground (one of them) then walk a

short distance; we enjoyed the service, seemed more like a home one than most of those we have attended have, in spite of the preacher Rev. Igir Bert having a most insignificant voice — his earnestness made amends — they have what seems so strange to us in a Methodist church — the Episcopal litany or liturgy, for John Wesley never gave that up, both he and his brother Charles are buried back of the Chapel, but their mother Susannah is buried in the old burial ground of Benhill just opposite where so many famous Nonconformists were placed, John Bumyan, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts + other — there has been no one placed there since 50 yrs. Ago —

Aug. 12th my birthday we went on one of Co[r]ks drives about the City, proper which has 2 or 3 million people in it during the day time + only a few thousand at night! — the poor Lord Mayor lives with in this district in a frightfully noisy location. Saw the immense meat markets — we drove thro' the centre + saw the stalls all lighted by electricity, then went to the Tower where we got into the w[orst] mob (or crowd rather) that I ever was in, fortunately our guide was an intelligent one + managed by pla[nning] to head off the people in places — went in National Gallery where we saw a fine portrait of Benjamin West who was an artist himself [^(this was by Sir Thos. Lawrence I think)] + was born in V[enna] somewhere but we did not find any of his pictures wonder where they are. We found it so cool in London, could barely keep comfortable but today (Wed) and yesterday were better, when we took the trip to Woodstock and Blen heim only eight miles, away —the former noted as the place where the famous old Woodstock Manor was built, way back in 1123 (?) by Henry Frost, but of which no signs remains tho' it was on the estate given later to the Duke of Marlborough + when he built Blenheim, he added largely to this estate which we drove round, yesterday — there were thousands of cottontail rabbits, flying round everywhere I mean near us as we drove thro' the wilder part with many handsome old trees, we saw the lodge where the Earl of Rochester lived + died when Keeper of the Manor as a royal domain before it was given to the Churchills — you know Consuelo Vanderbilt has separated from her husband but he is allowed I think 20,000 pounds, which he may succeed in living upon + keeping up the place; this is much run down since the wife gave up the active management. (a large flock of sheep, some fifty, have just gone thro' the street just filling it up + uttering their constant cry of baa-baal) from before we started for Woodstock we drove for two hours about the town, seeing the different colleges, especially those farther off, which we would not see again. Today while Mrs. Groves + Mrs. Warnecke took a trip on the river Mrs. Clark + I spent in seeing first Christ College and then Magdalen thoroughly. This P.M. we sat for some time in Addison's Walk of latter place where we got the best view I've had yet of the English rovin, which is a much brighter red than ours+ [^a] much smaller bird; there was a nice young girl there who had some crumbs for the birds + he was waiting to come for some, but so many people kept coming by, he did not have a chance, later we went into the botanical garden + went down to the beginning of Broad Walk round the Christ College meadows.

From my room I have a view of the fine Magdalen Tower, upon the top of which the coir sings a Latin Hymn at 5 A.M. on May Day, and a view also of some of the buildings; being in the third story I overlook just a corner of the large paddock connected or belonging to the Magdalen where deer are kept — have seen them several times coming down among the trees; they are such shy gentle creatures but with such a funny fashion of incessantly moving their bobs of tails which are white and also their long ears. I expect Maude is here but as we leave tomorrow shall not see her — am so sorry — Lovingly

sister Anna—

[[letter 10: On plain white paper. Written in black ink.]]

Warwick, England
Saturday Aug 31st.

Dear Mother: —

We are still having cool weather, almost too cool it was in London, but that is better than hot weather hope it is comfortable with you.

Our time went only too quickly in London which we left last Monday morning. Think I wrote you of our going out to service at John Weslet's chapel the second Sunday in London, and enjoyed it so much — Mrs. Clark went with me — said there would be more people in Sandwich interested in that, than in any thing else she could tell them + then she was interested on her own account, and we had a real sermon too, by a minister very much in earnest Rev. Igir Beet by name — it seemed so good to get into a church so light and airy + where the congregation was all together in plain sight It seemed more like a home service that any I have attended since being away, and did so enjoy the three or four good hymns they sang; they have the Espiscopol service, it seems Wesley never gave that up, tho' he changed his faith; with outside help the society has altered the church — they have taken out the wooden pillars and put in marble ones and one stained glass window was given by American friends — the old pillars they have placed in the entrance hall to the church — both John + Cha[^s] Wesley are buried behind the chapel, but their mother was buried opposite in the old Bunhill burial ground, famous for being the resting place of so many nonconformists, such as Bumyan, DeFoe, Dr. Isaac Watts + c — I have a booklet giving the history of this spot which you will enjoy reading.

— During the week that followed I had quite a little shopping to do, as had had chance [^for] but little the week before, as we went on so many trips Monday Aug. 12 we all went on a Cork trip thro' the real city of London — its centre — by the great Markets where we drove thro' the middle of one to see both sides lighted by electric lights as far as one could see almost; to the Tower where there was a great crowd, tho' many of the noisy streets in that part which contains during the day two or three million people and at night only a few thousands; we went to the Cove[n]t Garden Hotel for our dinner, which was fair then went thro' the National Gallery — then drove thro' the West End, saw Hyde Park, Green Park, we saw a great deal, but it nearly proved too much for me — my head was used up for several days + decided that was the first + last time I should patronize them, tho' all the others went on several of these trips in Paris, where they found them less tiring. We had an excellent guide, who told us much useful information, tho' more I could not hear because of the noise in the streets: the next day in the P.M. we went down on the (or [into on] the) stamer to Chelsea, saw a statue of Carlyle, went to his home which is kept by an association with a woman who shows the house, who has lived there 12 years, many of things which used to be in the house when the Carlysles were there, have been put back or are there such as their beds and some furniture; the study in the third story which was double-[lined] on the street side to deaden the noise, where he wrote Frederick the Great, was intensely interesting, there was a picture of Emerson, some of Frek. the Great + of many others, small ones hung [round] the walls. A garden back of the house, had an ivy growing over its walls which C. [planted] I had permission (as we all did) to pick two.

On Wednesday, we went for the day to Windsor, the Castle, Stoke Po[gis] + Bu[rnhane?] Beeches, all ground I went over before, but enjoyed fully as much this time. One thing which impressed me especially about the Castle was the grand old hall, where the order of the Knights of the Garter "held their meetings; it was hung with portraits of all the original members and their coats of arms and banners; the rest of the Palace struck me as some what tame after the palaces — 'Pitti'— and (Royal ones) in Italy. I was unfortunate, in having an accident to my watch the next week so had to have it mended, but am the gain[er] by a copy [^of a pamphlet] telling of the history of the royal clocks at Windsor, which the man gave me, he being appointed to look after them; he was exceedingly pleasant and showed me one or two very old clock's he had. Was delighted to get into St. George Chapel, as we were unable to when here before., but more because of its extreme beauty in the [form] vaulting of the ceiling and the rest of the carving which was quite elaborate.

Then to Stoker Pogis, where the little church looked much the same; we were shown the part of the church where the Penn family had their pews, to which there was a separate entrance. Gray lies buried with his mother and an aunt near the Church, but there is only the tribute which he written when his mother and aunt were laid there; there has never been an inscription to him.

Last Sunday one week today (it is Sunday Sep. 1st) I had a most satisfactory day. Mrs. Clark did not feel like going out, Mrs. Groves went to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey but I started for St. Bartholomew's the Great, the oldest church in London, which is now practically, only what used to be the choir and transepts of the early church the nave [^once] re[??ing] back to the street — now made into a grave yard and a passage to the church. It is ~~some~~ such a time-worn looking building, looks as if pieces had [^been] hacked out with an axe, but perhaps the uses to which it has been put may explain in a measure for its condition; it has undergone some hard experiences; it was built and founded in 1123 (?) by a prior or monk by name Rehare, which also + in connection with a hospital of the same name, but later came into the hands of a man who sold different parts of it — the northern transept was used as a blacksmith's forge till a short time ago and twelve years ago a Lady Chapel back of the altar was used as a fridge factory! as the society is able they [^are] buying back what has been taken, and putting it to its proper use. Was it not singular that it should have been St. Martholomew's Day? The rector spoke of it, and said little was known of St. B— but that much good work in the world was done by those who were not very well known; he was earnest and sincere. He had to sell us the postals we bought as the verger did not appear! strange was it not?

[[on another piece of paper, a half-sheet]

And now I have about reached the limits of my paper and must close, after giving a hasty [line] of what we have done this week, you will be glad to know that I managed to write Leslie a letter last week and have written Mrs. Hawes also one; Monday Mrs. Groves and M[r.?] Warnecke started early to take steamer from Windsor to Henley, stay over night, then go on the next day to Oxford, but was such a wet day gave it up + took train to O. where we found them when we reached there at 3 P.M. We stayed there till Thursday; having such a charming place, but must wait to tell you of it when I get home. We went to Woodstock to see the site of the old Ma[uer?] that Walter Scott wrote about, in a part of the ground of Blenheim estate, + also to see latter which is very ~~quite~~ extensive with fine trees and lovely vistas, but not kept up as Warwick

Castle here is, which we went thro' yesterday,. They have gone up in price and charge \$50 admission, double the price when we were here before; was glad to get in as Castle was not open when I was here before; were shown thro' the state apartment + saw the fine old banqueting hall which is now used as a reception + music room, but the beautifully kept grounds were even more to me; we went thro an iron gate to the flower garden, with an immense bed of scarlet geraniums + around it several beds with the purple + red fuchsias + at the corners + in front of hot house were six or eight peacocks with spread tails, cut in fir trees! The famous Warwick vase we looked at thro' the glass of the hot house, it had three heads on the side + such curious handles; was found at Tivoli near Rome. but such lawns + such fine old cedar trees!

We came here on Thursday, which we reached at about ten, rested + after luncheon went to Devilworth, which we wandered round for nearly an hour, then drove home near Stoneleigh Abbey.

Tomorrow we made an early start for Cambridge, changing on to two lines of road, stopping at Rugby about an hour then going round Cambridge; the next A.M. to Ely and Peterboro' where we stay overnight. Wed. A.M. to Lincoln, then York and Durham where we may spend next Sunday

You will be glad to know that I was able to get the book you wanted in London. Tell Mary I have not sent any more postals because I thou't it bothered her to have to go to the P.O. about them. May send some to Sadie as she has not had any + she can bring them to you. Mrs. Groves sends her love to all.

Lovingly
daughter Anna.

Rec'd all the nice letters in time for my birthday Tell them not to write any more, they have [done] well.

[[letter 11: On plain white paper. Written in black ink.]]

Durham England
Sunday Sep. 8th. 1907.

Dear Mother:—

This [^is] a fine day here and hope we may have as good a one for the Trossachs next Friday or Saturday; considering the remarkable weather everywhere this last spring and summer think we have been pretty fortunate to have so few actually rainy days — at Warwick we met a lady who had been travelling since July 18th. I think thro' Ireland, Scotland and England and had met almost nothing but rain or mist for the entire time! think of that, and so cold that they had kept on their winter clothes all together and barely comfortable with those! so I hope I shall not be too upset if the weather should desert us, for we certainly have been highly favored. And now you will want to learn something of this lovely town, three of us arrived yesterday noon, Mrs. Clark having left us in York to go to a place called Stanhope to look up the inscriptions on the on the tombs of her ancestors who came from there and a place called St. John's Chapel in the Weardale valley. You may remember having read of the high bluff upon which the cathedral is situated above the river here but as we came along in the train, it looked actually low, we were on such a high bridge or viaduct, and I thought we should be very much disappointed in the church's location, but no, it is all that has been pictured and take it all together interior and exterior I think it the most imposing cathedral we have see, tho' it has so much carving in the interior it is still simple and effect and reminded me of the Peterboro' one [^of] all we have seen and that is one of the simplest in style as we sat looking at it during the P.M. service waiting to be shown thro' the choir and Galilee Chapel by the verger, it came to me why it seemed simple and that was because it has the primitively small windows of the early times, fortress-like looking, set back in a very thick wall; there is little coloured glass here most of it having been destroyed past restoration I presume, but it has plenty of gems without those, in its remarkable columns, which are some grooved straight up + down or in perpendicular line, or in zig zig lines ([draws zig zag line here] this fashion) or the lattice pattern (via. [draws lattice pattern here]) or the spiral these columns alternate with square piers — then there is exquisite carvings over the different doors also the ceiling is fine with Norman work — the whole church is called Norman Romanesque while Peterboro' is I think early Norman. and very plain in comparison. — but must not write any more of the churches else will have no room for other things I must write about to you.

We have had a busy week leaving Warwick last Monday, staying that night + the next in Cambridge, the following in Peterboro', Thursday and Friday in York, last night and tonight here; tomorrow we start for Scotland and Melrose Abbey + and Abbotsford, do those in one day and go to Edinburgh tomorrow night (if possible) where we stay till Friday when we leave for the Trossachs.

It is only two weeks since we left London, yet seems much longer. Have enjoyed each place for each has its own charms, Oxford with its beauty and scholastic spirit, Warwick with its grand old feudal castle and its quaintness was glad to be there long enough to imbibe something of this (from Thursday noon till Monday) went to lovely Kenilworth, had a delightful drive there, passing and stopping to see Guy's Cliff he [^(Guy)] was one of the Earls of Warwick

and on our way back made a detour to see the palace of Stoneleigh Abbey in a rather low location; we drove thro' a beautiful wood of thick thoms to see it; this is on the grounds of S.A. the father of the Lord Leigh (owner) opened his ground once a week to the public (for driving I think) tho' it was opposed by his family at the time but since his death the latter have moved in the same direction + it is opened two or three times a week. isn't that fine?

I did not go to Stratford with the rest preferring to see more of Warwick and tired of continual going. When I found there was a Unitarian Church (in my rambles about town) I determined to go there on Sunday which I did and Mrs. Clark went with me, as she could not find the congregational church. It is a very small church with old box pews very uncomfortable to sit on, they were so narrow, but we had a fine practical sermon, on the necessity of peopl aspiring to things worthy and noble, or else their prayers if for unworthy objects if granted would bring "leanness of soul" I think it was taken from 1 Kings chap. 3. We went up and spoke to the minister, who proved to be a Rev. W[m]. Agar from Sidmouth, near the Devonshire country who was exchanging with the Warwick one for two weeks, his name is the old Testament one of Hagar modified he was very pleasant to speak to, spoke of Rev. Mr. Gaskell as being such a fine reader that he gave a meaning to things he read he knew him; just think while we were speaking to him a lady or two ladies came to speak to him + they proved to be Mrs. Little + daughter from Arlington St. Church who came over from L[eaving]ton expressly to hear Mr. Agar, she seemed pleased to meet one of her own faith + shook hands very cordially when we left; she looked very much like Aunt Kate — as she looked some years ago. Her husband has been active in the A.M.A.

This little romance will interest you our landlady said we ought to be here the end of the month, for there is to be a grand wedding in the cathedral. The present Lord Mayor of Durham used to be one of the choristers when a boy + has been an honorary one even since as I understand, his sister is to be married + the Archbishop said he did not know why she couldn't [b/h?]e married in the cathedral + so it will be She has acted as Lady Mayor for her brother, a shy + modest young woman who has had greatness thrust upon her. How soon I shall be with you again, 3 wks. Lovingly daughter Anna

[[letter 12: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4.5" x 3.5" gray envelope addressed to Master Alden Vinal Keene / 12 Fayette Street, / Watertown, Mass., / U. S. of North America. Top right corner where stamp would be is torn out.]]

Callander, Scotland
Sunday, Sep. 15th 1907.

Dear Alden:—

Auntie meant to have written you before, but there has actually been no time, though I have bought one or two postals I thought you might be particularly interested in, such as the early engine (perhaps the first [^one]) run of Stephenson's, who was born in Newcastle where we had to stay for an hour or so waiting for the train to take us on to Melrose — it stands upon a platform in the middle of the station there, and we all went to see it — it seems as if there had been very little change in engines since the day of that one, only to grow larger and more powerful — it did not seem as small as I thought it would. We walked on the main street in Newcastle and went into the cathedral dedicated to another saint (St. Nicholas) what a long list there are of saints we keep hearing of new ones; there too I thought a picture of the Crown jewels of Scotland, kept in Edinburgh Castle you would be glad to have especially when you learn, that they were buried to hide them many years ago (have forgotten the occasion) and lay there for some two or three hundred [^years] as they were forgotten till Sir Walter Scott, found out where they were and had them brought to light when they were found in tact — the crown was covered mostly with pearls, few or no diamonds, the pearls are found in the rivers here in great beauty and brilliancy; the left ornament is the "Order of the Thistle" do not know what the right hand one is, but they both are surrounded by the "Order of the Garter".

Alden dear you have been very good to write to me, and Auntie appreciates it — wish I could have written often[er] but it was out of the question, shall only manage to send this. Please thank mamma for her nice letter, answering lots of questions that I had forgotten I had asked about! Tell her that the good (?) dame in the Hague did not burn any thing but letters, the rest she must have appropriated for her own use! My scissors I felt the worst about, as I had had them for years, and when I took them had a feeling I had better take another pair that I cared less for, wish now I had; they had a pretty escarp to the bowls most unusual looking and grandmamma gave them to me.

What a fine time you must have had at Dummerston, hope you also learned to harness, and how you must have enjoyed both Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon — I think the former an unusually interesting man and hope your all being there did them lots of good. I've got a surprise in store for you — hope you will like it as much as I hope you will.

You would have been so much interested in the grand Forth bridge, which we crossed yesterday after leaving Edinburg one could know how high we were in the air where the steamers on the river below looked so small; it is the longest bridge in the world — the one at Quebec which collapsed a few days ago was to have been some ninety feet longer;

Will you tell mamma that I may send a package of postals to her to take down to the house; I have not sent any home because I found that Mary had some times to go in [^to] the B.P.F. in regard to them and thought that was too much trouble for her, so don't expect a

package, if it comes, is for you! I have just been up stairs intending to get yours Mother's latest letter, to answer some of the questions, but have come down without it, so must send this as it is.

There are a young man and his wife here who have been to a pass called Ledy about eight miles and tomorrow they are to walk thro' the Trossach and on the pier on Loch Katrine where we take the steamer to cross the lake! They both seemed as bright as if they had only strolled around.

Your pretty birthday card has graced my bureau in places where I stayed long enough, also the sketch Josephine sent her aunt J — of a Dutch boy —

Am glad Aunt J— stopped to see grandmother on her way back to N.Y. Was surprised enough to learn that Paul had scarlet fever do not remember hearing of it till your mother wrote. Tell mother I am glad she enjoyed attending to the additional letter of credit; also that I have a new gown and expect she will be green with envy — And now I must finish as I want to mail this — it is now Monday A.M. a very rainy day so we wait till it is pleasant, when we leave — either this P.M. or tomorrow A.M. rain or shine. Love to Mamma sister and your dear self from Aunt Anna.

[[letter 13: On plain white paper. Written in black ink.]]

Callander, Scotland
Sunday, September 15th.
1907.

Dear Mother: —

How you would enjoy this quaint little village, which is so prettily situated in a valley of the Feith (a branch of the Forth) which winds and curves thro' most of its con[ose?] to the Forth; where it joins it I do not know; on two side of this valley are hills and crags, and at one end several miles away is Ben Ledi, one of the noted mts. of these parts, beyond and above the main street which makes a pretty bend just below here.

I am in Mrs. Clark's room writing at the window and can see the interesting bridge with three arches which is to come down to make way for a more modern bridge; this is a great pity, for I never saw one just like it — it arches high above the river and is much narrower in the centre than at either end, so narrow than only small wagons could pass one another — We left Edinburgh, yesterday A.M. going to Stirling by way of Dunfermline — the prettier of two routes to the Trossachs — where Andrew Carnegie was born — left the city by the grand Forth Bridge, the longest one in the world I believe and so high, that even the large steamers on the river looked small; we reached Stirling about 10.30 and had till 4.45 to see the famous castle town, and rode in both directions from the town to see the country.

On our way up to the Castle, about a fifteen minutes' walk we went into the church which consists of two churches — the east and west — one being very old with large round columns and simple decoration, the other modern; there is little to see at the castle itself, in the buildings in the two or three courts — except the outside of the old palace with its much mutilated decorations and the Douglas room, where the king surprised and killed the former, his rebellious subject — it is now put to the prosaic use of souvenir and postal selling except [^harboring] some some old-time relics, such as a door carried by some noted soldier in a battle where it was [r]ent by part of a shell and the bearer killed, also a pulpit which was said to be that of John Knox — tho' we saw one in the museum in Edinburgh which claimed to be that! But the finest thing of all was the view from the ramparts, of a large expanse of level country, with a tortuous river running thro' it and here and there high eminences rising from the plain thickly cloaked with woods — the battlefield of [Barnockburn] lies about two miles to the south east, and can be discerned by those far sighted enough — this was where Wm. Wallace defeated the Englandish on the bridge of his native town — but was himself later, defeated. The ride from Stirling on was thro' fine country which is said to be unsurpassed in the country if taken in pleasant weather; fortunately we were favored in this, We enjoyed our stay in Edinburgh tho' all too short, we arrived Tuesday P.M. and left Saturday A.M., and the weather very hazy, so we had no good views, and that is one of the places for views as everything is picturesque about the location of the city. Princes Street has a remarkable setting all on side being laid out in beautifully kept gardens which occupy all the space between it and the great high rock on which stands the castle — these gardens are divided nearly in the middle by the Mound, a high windy street, leading up into the higher or old part of the city — originally formed by throwing into valley the earth removed for some of the buildings put up —

The visit to the Castle proved interesting, we being shown round by a guide who explained many things, [saw] Mary Queen of Scots room where her son James 6th [^of S + James [??] England] was born, the old banqueting hall and Armoury; the ancient Regalia of Scotland which was buried for 100 or 200 years and forgotten, till Walter Scott found the place and had it unearthed; the crown was full of pearls which are found in great beauty, in the rivers here; the Order of the Thistle + c — and the Chapel of St. Margaret of 1100 which is the oldest building in Scotland. Also Mons Meg the huge cannon which was tho't to have been cast at Mons in Belgium and resembling one at Ghent, but now believed to have been the work of a native here; it had designs of the thistle in several places and was very handsome; the view of the city was good but too hazy for us to see far and count just discern Arthur's Seat in the outline. Went into the old Church of St. Giles, where the garrison [^of the Castle] worship — a very old church but restored too much on the outside. To Holywood Palace + Abbey, where Mary, Queen of Scots lived also Lord Darmley; the former's work box and mirror are in the room

And now must close as I must write other letters, this will reach you just as we start for home, We leave to morrow for the Trossachs, Loch Katrine Loch Lo[rnond] + reach Glasgow about six, I think. Hope the day will be as good as this. With love

daughter Anna —

[[letter 14: On plain white paper. Written in black ink. In folder with approx 4.5" x 3.5" gray envelope addressed to Miss Josephine Parker Keene, / 12 Fayette Street, / Watertown, Mass., / U. S. of North America. Blue postage stamp in top right corner, stamped over with black ink numbers (589).]]

Callander, Scotland
Monday, Sep. 16th. 1907.

Dear Josephine: —

Didn't I write you how delighted I was to get the little picture, which by the way is very good of you? I'm sure I did!

We are housed here as it is raining fast, with slight chances of its clearing in time for us to start this afternoon we shall have an opportunity to get some more postals! — no great loss without some small gain, you see!

It seems to me that you and Alden have had a pretty good time this summer, even if you didn't go to Old Orchard, and now you are in school again, which you must enjoy after the long vacation; what a pity that Paul has had a part of his time being ill, I am so sorry for him.

You would enjoy this pretty little village with one of the most unusual streets in it — called Bridgend — just the other side of the dear little bridge which crosses the river Teith which comes down from the Trossachs and the land around made famous by Scott in the "Lady of the Lake", we shall all this in the drive and sail we take from here.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Clark and I walked by the river in the meadow, and after that I walked up the main street where I had not been before, found another entrance to the river path by one of the churches which I also followed to its end, on my way back, found an old sundial (out of use) with this inscription, which you will like

"I mark not the hours unless they be bright

I mark not the hours of darkness and night

My promise is solely to follow the sun,

And mark the hours his chariot doth run"

this interested me very much, as I had never heard it before, though it is not as fine as the one by Whittier.

We had a most charming Sunday — a week ago yesterday at Durham — where we had a comfortable lodging place, with our own sitting room and dining room in one, with a piano which we played upon and in the evening Miss Witham played some of Chopin's Nocturnes to us which are very fine

Thank you for finding out what grandma wanted — I have bought some lace for me to give her, also some for your mother to give her — a Spanish lace fich[er?] — hope this will please your mamma — received your letter just in time to get it in London. Had a hard time shopping there, as many things I wanted could not find and nothing was as reasonable as I hoped they would be. Wasn't that sad?

Many thanks for the birthday letter tho' a little late.

Am glad you saw Boston in festive array — it must have looked very pretty, should like to see the new design you wrote about. Was it not fortunate you had a vegetable rather than a

flower garden this summer with so much rain for you would have had nothing but a crop of weeds I'm afraid.

Grasmere, Lake District in
England —

You see this letter did not get finished for it very unexpectedly cleared off, so that we left Callander on the 2 P.M. coach for the Trossachs expecting to get thro' to Glasgow that night, but when we reached the Trossachs Hotel, found there would be no coach that afternoon for Loch Katrine, Stronanlacher, Inve[rsnaial] and Glasgow so we had to stay over night there after only a drive of some eight or nine miles. It was a charming spot for us to stay, with the lovely little lake Achray in front and sheep feeding on the slope between and the five mt. of Ben Ve[nice?], standing up against the sky — the coach left the next A.M. at 10.30 for the drive thro' the Trossachs, which was very beautiful indeed but not as wild as I had expected — and only took a short time as the distance to Loch Katrine is a little over a mile. We reached here about 6.15 — having Wednesday leaving Glasgow at 12, riding on the train till a quarter of four and on a coach the rest of the way; from Keswick through the valleys and over a pass — along a road which Wordsworth used to be very fond of — 'and into this pretty little village of about 400 people — with the hills and mts. on both sides of us, and of which we have such lovely views — This is a long straggling village of stone houses, along a road which bends and turns contin[^\u00e9]ally; this makes it look so picturesque. Mrs. Clarke and I took quite a walk along the road Wordsworth used to traverse then bought some postals among these were views of the "Rush Bearing" which takes place every year the first Saturday in August, when all the children used to bring rushes in bundles to be placed on the flow of the church then an earthern one — where it remained for several days. They used to place these rushes in sheets which were carried in procession by all the children, six or eight children holding each sheet — now only one sheet is carried to keep up the old custom — Mrs. Groves took the drive to [Ull]swater yesterday and today has gone to Coniston over some hills into the wildest of the scenery about here. Tomorrow we drive to Winderm[e]re thro' Ambleside, where we take the train for Chester, later of Liverpool and then ho! for home on Wednesday. Much love to mamma, papa, + brother. We have had ideal days here and hope we may have the same till we reach the steamer.

Lovingly
Aunt Anna.